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No. 188

OCT. 1982

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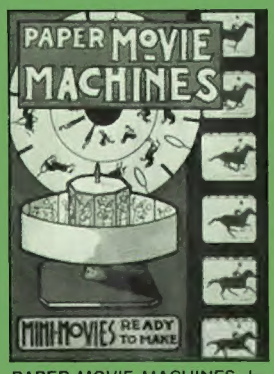

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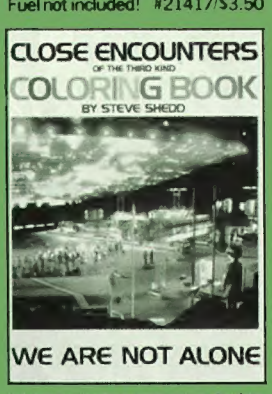

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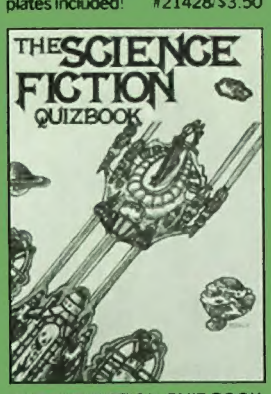

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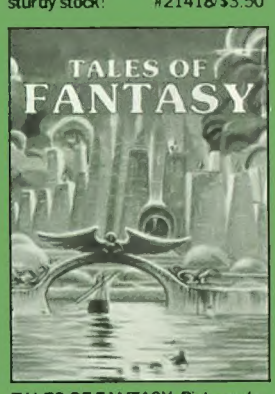

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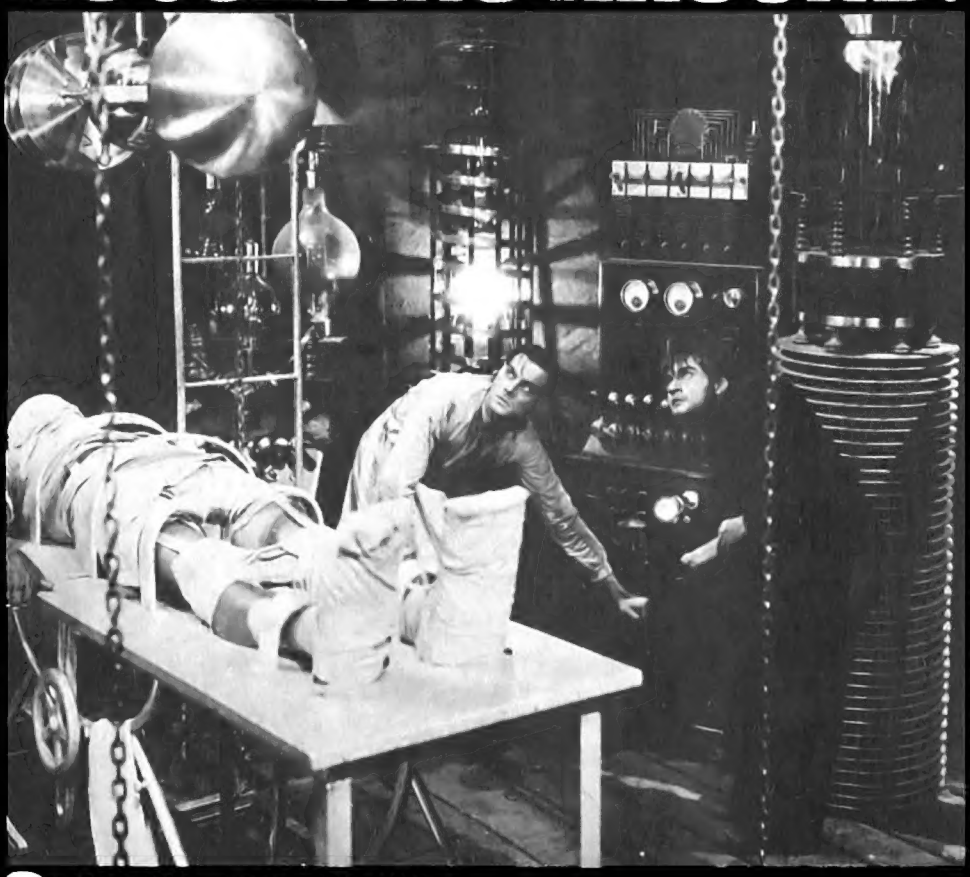
SPEAKING OF MONSTERS

NO JOLTING AROUND!



Go fly a kite, says Colin Clive.
Quite Dwight! replies Mr. Frye.

Suddenly, there is electricity in the air! The birth of a monster!

It isn't easy creating a good monster, a good monster movie, or even a good monster magazine, but, like Clive, we strive.

This, our 1982 Fearbook, reads like a Who's What of the greatest horror films of all:

Frankenstein! The Wolfman! Dracula! These are some of the fearsome folk roaming the gore-idors of THE HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN. A complete filmbook is herein offered for your deadification.

The Mummy! Or, more properly, THE MUMMY'S GHOST. But after thirty centuries under wraps, what's the difference?

DOCTOR JEKYLL & MR. HYDE! The Hydes of March, Tracy, Barrymore and many others are presented with exclusive photos and facts.

The Phantom! Lon Chaney's PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, a classic of silent cinema, was no dumbshow. It screams for your attention.

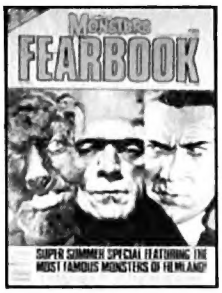
Plus a look at the First Annual Science Fiction and Fantasy Film Festival. Your editor and many others reeled with delight as the unreal reels were unrolled before our eyes. Really!

Forrest J Ackerman

This PDF File of Famous Monsters of Filmland is part of "The Next 100 issues of Famous Monsters" PDF Collection. This issue was scanned and restored by Drive-in Moonlite Movies

Long after the heroes of horror films have been forgotten, the monsters live on in the memory, and in the pages of FM! But then, who would pay to see a movie entitled SON OF CARL DENHAM? Or REVENGE OF DOCTOR VAN HELSING?

OUR COVER:
CALL THEM THE UNHOLY THREE...THE TRIPLE THREAT...THE NIGHTMARE COALITION! THE WOLF MAN, FRANKENSTEIN'S MONSTER AND DRACULA ARE ONLY A FEW OF THE SCAR BOARDERS OF THE "HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN"! GUESTS DON'T CHECK IN, BUT THEY DO CHECK OUT—PERMANENTLY!



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FAMOUS MONSTERS FEARBOOK

Incorporating MONSTER WORLD

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OCTOBER 1982

6 FRANKENSTEIN Imagine the most feared fiends in filmdom sharing the bill in a single screen spectacular! That was HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, starring Boris Karloff, Lon Chaney Jr. as the Wolf Man, J. Carroll Naish as the Hunchback, John Carradine as Dracula, and Glenn Strange as the Frankenstein monster! (From FM #99, July 1973.)

24 MUMMY'S GHOST Karloff may have been the inspiration for this sequel...but Chaney was its Mummy! Lon lopped off his facial hair to star in this 1944 Universal release in which Kharis, the living mummy, rises once again to settle a centuries-old score! Also starring John Carradine and George Zucco. (From FM #36, December 1965.)

36 DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE No novel has ever excited the British reading public like the one published by Robert Louis Stevenson in 1885...or yielded as many screen and stage productions through the years! Read the story of the horrifying dual nature that existed in Henry Jekyll...and dwells in each of us! (From FM #34, August 1966.)

44 THE PHANTOM STRIKES It has been called the greatest horror film of the silent era...the masterpiece of the master monster, Lon Chaney! The climactic moment when Erik the Phantom is unmasked has haunted the dreams of generations of moviegoers! Guaranteed to give *you* nightmares: our fotoful recap! (From FM #65, May 1970.)

54 MONSTER MARATHON It lasted 72 hours, and featured nearly 100 of the most acclaimed science fiction and horror movies ever made! Those lucky enough to have attended the historic First Annual Science Fiction & Fantasy Film Festival saw a lineup of fantasy films that is likely never to be surpassed! (From FM #97, April 1973.)

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HOU
FRANK

the devil's brood

NEUSTADT PRISON FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE the weather-beaten sign read. Like some malignant growth upon the rocky terrain the grim foreboding structure of the institution reared into the night sky. Within these walls were imprisoned those who, thru unbalanced, lunatic minds, had committed the most monstrous crimes imaginable. Neustadt was a place whispered about in hushed voices.

BORIS KARLOFF
as
DR. NIEMANN

SIG RUMANN
as
DRACULA'S VICTIM

GLENN STRANGE
as
FRANKENSTEIN

SE OF ENSTEIN

It was a night when the forces of evil seemed to conspire, as the show-wagons made their way thru the muddy paths. Suddenly everything halted; one of the wagons was stuck. From the last wagon appeared a heavyset man with a moustache and crafty features. Without a word Prof. Bruno Lampini (Geo. Zucco) put his shoulder to the task. Even as he did so, events were shaping up inside the dread walls of nearby Neustadt; events that would set off a drama so strange & terrifying . . .

J. CARROL NAISH
as
THE HUNCHBACK

LON CHANEY JR.
as
THE WOLF MAN

JOHN CARRADINE
as
DRACULA

Step right in, folks! You've nothing to lose but—your lives!

Dinner for those madmen again," the guard grumbled as he made his way down the winding labyrinth of steps. As far as he was concerned every one of those lunatics could starve: it would serve them right for doing the dreadful things they had done.

The guard stopped before a particular cell—and a hand shot thru the bars, seizing him by the neck, shaking him like a terrier would a rat. "Now will you give me my chalk!" a harsh, grating voice demanded. The terrified, choking guard reached into his pocket and thrust a large white mass up to the barred window. It was plucked savagely out of his hand and the guard was released, to fall gasping to the corridor floor.

Free of his attacker, the guard wheezed, "One more trick like that and I'll have you put in solitary, you would-be Frankenstein!"

"Don't you profane his name with your dirty lips!" the prisoner snarled. "He was a genius, in whose footsteps I intend to follow when I get out of here." "When you get out of here!" the guard sneered. "Not if I can help it!" And so saying, the man staggered off, the blazing eyes of a gaunt, bearded man following him with murder in them. As the guard vanished from sight, the prisoner moved into the depths of his cell, stopping at a wall on which a series of drawings illustrating a strange experiment were scrawled. His manner changed from the mad fanatic as he seemed to straighten up, stand taller. His voice was no longer harsh but assumed a cultured, almost professorial tone as he said "Now, friend Daniel, we can get on with our work."

And his companion in an adjoining cell, a bearded, powerfully built hunchback, watched Dr. Gustave Niemann, inmate of Neustadt Prison for 15 years, as he proceeded to explain an experiment by one of the most infamous names in science: Henry Frankenstein. "Now, Daniel," Niemann said, "the brain taken from the man was placed in the head of the dog, giving him the mind of a human being." Then, as he tapped a point at the base of a drawing of a brain and a skull, Niemann said, "Frankenstein severed the spinal cord here. But I'm not certain he was right."

As Niemann looked at the diagram, Daniel, the hunchback, spoke, a note of eagerness in his voice. "Dr. Niemann," he asked, "could Frankenstein have made me like other men?"

A strange light flickered briefly in Niemann's eyes as he replied, "He gave life to a body that he made out of the parts of other bodies that had died. Yes, Frankenstein could have given you a new body."

But Daniel's curiosity continued. "Did you know Frankenstein?" he asked. Niemann shook his head sadly as he replied, "No, but my brother, who assisted, passed on his secrets. If I only had his records to guide me, I could give you a perfect body."

Strickfaden Strikes Again! The machinery of the Electric Wizard is about to stir up the gizzard of the Strange Monster.

Karloff & Naish, looking for—trouble.

The late J. Carrol as the Hunchback.

And then, at that very moment, as if Niemann's last words were the magic key to harnessing the wild elements of the storm, a large bolt of lightning hit the prison, causing the walls of the two cells to crumble and collapse.

It was still pouring when Niemann & Daniel emerged from some brush that hid the end of the drainage tunnel. Here was what they had waited for for many years: freedom! They ran into the night.

Suddenly Niemann's eyes spotted the Lampini show wagons, still mired in the mud. Niemann led Daniel to the aid of the showman. In a moment of gratitude, Prof. Lampini offered his rescuers the sanctuary of his wagon, not knowing the horrifying chain of events he was to touch off with this act.

Niemann & Daniel were too tired to think. They hadn't known the comfort of soft chairs and hot food in many years. As they luxuriated in this new-found wealth, Lampini sat back in his favorite chair, smoking a pipe, a curl of smoke passing by his mutton-chop moustache. Dressed in smoking jacket & fez, Lampini had been mulling over the tale told him by Niemann to explain the strange appearance of Daniel & himself.

"So you're a merchant who's been held for ransom by mountain bandits?" he grated. Then indicating Daniel with the stem of his pipe, he continued, "And *that's* your servant?" "You doubt me?" Niemann answered, mustering a semblance of outraged dignity. But Lampini's years of being a showman had also shown him how to be a diplomat and he replied, "It's a doubting world. I have here the greatest collection of the world's greatest horrors, and what do *I* get? Jeers! Cries of 'fake!'" And as he spoke, Lampini tapped a poster highlighting the picture of a coffin, heralding its gruesome contents.

"Do you really expect your patrons to believe that the skeleton is that of Count Dracula?" Niemann asked.

Lampini seemed to puff up in suppressed anger as he replied, "I, Lampini, took it . . . eh, borrowed it, from the Count's castle in the Carpathian Mountains. With my own two hands I spread upon the floor of his coffin a layer of soil from his birthplace, so that by proxy, shall we say, his earthbound soul might be at peace within its grave."

"Until the removal of the stake from his heart," Niemann continued, in an almost trance-like voice "That would set him free, to satisfy his ravenous appetite for the blood of the living."

There was a silence for a moment as if the legend of the infamous vampire had chilled the souls of the three men. Then Niemann looked at Lampini and inquired, "Did you ever exhibit your show in Vasaria, Professor?"

"No," Lampini exphatically replied. "That's one town that doesn't care for horrors. They had one of their own 15 years ago when a Dr. Niemann tried to give a dog the brain of a man. They threw him in prison because like Frankenstein

Experiment perilous! Daniel, with twisted back & mind to match, watches his master work with the brains of two of their victims.

he used bodies of the newly dead to carry out his work."

"Are you going to be playing in Regelburg?" Niemann asked, the strange light flickering in his eyes once again."

"Later on," replied Lampini. "It's rather out of the way." "Nevertheless," Niemann said in a cold, deadly tone, "you're going there."

Prof. Lampini may have been many things; rogue, charlatan, even thief at times; but he was no coward. Even the wild look in his passenger's eyes didn't faze him as he belligerently refused the man's demand. It was his last act on earth, for at a quick signal from Niemann, Daniel lunged toward Lampini.

It took the powerful hands mere seconds to snap the neck of Prof. Bruno Lampini.

the doctor & the demon

It was a few days later. With the disposal of Lampini, followed by the murder of the man's driver/assistant by Daniel, the rest had been simple. Niemann, with the same coolness that had carried him through his ghoulish experiments, donned Lampini's identity like an old overcoat. The old Lampini was dead, the new one lived. The beard had been removed and a smart moustache had been cultivated. Niemann's silver-gray hair was combed back and the clothes he wore were neat appearing. Beside him on the driver's seat of the main wagon, Daniel, his beard gone as well, wore the uniform of the showman's assistant, retailored to fit his misshapen body.

A grim look passed over Niemann's face. "Now we can visit those who sent me to prison," Nieman murmured. "Strauss . . . Ullman . . . and old Hussman, the Burgermeister."

Regelburg was a quiet little community. Handling the major affairs of the town was Hussman. This night he was engaged in a spirited game of chess with Arnz (Lionel Atwill) the Inspector of police.

A redheaded dynamo of loveliness came into the study like a whirlwind, sweeping Hussman and Arnz with her. The "whirlwind" was Rita, married to Hussman's son Carl. Rita told how a bit of excitement had come to Regelburg: a traveling Chamber of Horrors. Before she was through, Carl, Hussman and even Inspector Arnz were on their way, little realizing that their visit would change their lives drastically.

Niemann's display of the ghoulish exhibits designed by the late Lampini was most effective. In the tent that had been set up, acts of torture, murder, hideous monsters and other horrors were dramatically displayed.

Niemann was in his element. "This way, ladies & gentlemen. This way and gaze upon an exhibit absolutely unparallelled in the realm of showmanship! Some among you will doubt the truth of what you are about to see, but let me assure

you, my friends, what you are about to see is no fake!"

Directly behind him was a tall black box, easily identifiable as a coffin. Upon its lid was a design that automatically damned itself as the crest of the House of a man whose name had passed into terrifying infamy.

"Before your very eyes," Niemann intoned, "is all that is left of a vampire." A hush fell over the audience, now mesmerized by Niemann's authoritative attitude as he gave a signal to Daniel, who scurried into view and opened the lid of the coffin. Some women gave small shrieks, while others stared at the contents of the box: a skeleton with a wooden stake wedged between the ribs in the area where the heart would be if the skeleton's owner were still flesh-covered. Pointing with a gaunt hand, Niemann intoned, "Dare I but remove this stake from where his heart once beat, and he would rise from the grave, a vampire, who would feed hideously upon the living, whose veins pulsate with warm and vibrant blood. Ladies & Gentlemen," Niemann cried, "The actual skeleton of Count Dracula, the Vampire!"

The audience was hushed as Niemann spoke the name of one of the most feared creatures in the realm of darkness. But then, Hussman's gravelly voice snorted, "Rubbish, sheer rubbish." Inspector Arnz looked at his friend and said, "I don't know, Herr Hussman. There are many people who still believe in the old legends."

The strange light flickered once again in Niemann's eyes as he moved toward the edge of the stage, the better to get a closer look at his old enemy. "You seem to doubt me, Herr Burgermeister."

Hussman looked closer at him, a dim flicker of recognition entering his eyes. "You remind me of someone that I can't quite recall," Hussman said. "Aren't you the same Lampini I ran out of here some years ago?"

"That was my brother," Niemann smoothly replied.

"But I know I have seen you before," Hussman insisted.

Niemann answered, "Perhaps you will remember later, Herr Burgermeister," just as Daniel, sensing possible trouble, closed the curtains of the stage, obscuring Niemann from Hussman's view.

The crowd was pouring out of the exhibit tent as Niemann watched through the curtains, his eyes focused on Hussman. Gone was the calm exterior of the showman. In its place was the cold, implacable hatred of the mad doctor. Niemann's actions were those of an unthinking automaton as he groped for the first possible weapon at hand. His fingers discovered what they sought and within moments Niemann had pulled the wooden stake out of the skeleton of Dracula and was advancing toward the curtains, the stake held like a dagger. Terror crept into his eyes as what he had done began to register upon his twisted brain. Niemann whirled around and rushed back to the coffin, only to stand, riveted in horrified fascination at the sight that unfolded before his eyes.

A mist had seemed to form about the skeleton, gradually solidifying, until Niemann could swear he saw the veins, muscles and organs of a human being come into view for a moment before the skeleton had become completely transformed into a figure in evening dress and a long, black cloak. He was a thin, lean man, his skin pale with a pallor of near-death. A small moustache adorned his upper lip and on the fourth finger of his left hand a large signet ring was prominent, bearing in silver on a base of carnelian an exact duplicate of the strange crest of the coffin.

The first sign of life from the man in the coffin was a gasp of pain, while his hand moved to the area of his heart. Amazement crossed the man's features as he opened his eyes, comprehending what had happened. *He was alive again! Dracula, King of the Undead, was alive to sup on the blood of the living once more!*

Suddenly, the vampire's sharp eyes saw Niemann moving toward him, the stake brandished. Some vestige of sanity in the mad scientist's mind had struck home, making him realize the horror that he had loosed upon the world once again. But even as Niemann prepared to strike, Dracula's hypnotic gaze burned into Niemann's mind, holding the doctor motionless. *"The stake in your hand,"* Dracula commanded. *"Drop it."* But Niemann's will had been strengthened by his years in prison and the mad desire for revenge. Within seconds, he had forced his mind to shrug off the vampire's hypnotic power and brandished the wooden stake once again, snarling, "But if you move, I'll send your soul back to the limbo of eternal waiting. But do as I ask, and I will serve you." Niemann's voice became impassioned as a diabolical & bizarre scheme began to form in his mind. "I'll protect the earth upon which you lie, so that before sunrise your coffin will always be ready for you."

On hearing this, Dracula's face clouded with amazement, unsure as to whether he could believe this mortal and the bargain he proposed. But the look in Niemann's burning eyes convinced him and the vampire said, "For that I will do whatever you ask." And thus, an unholy bargain was struck between the mad doctor and the demon of the dark world.

terror of dracula

The night had become cold & damp and a mist had settled over the woods as Herr Hussman, Carl, Rita and Inspector Arnz walked back from the Lampini Chamber of Horrors. At the crossroads, Arnz left them to make his way home. Shortly thereafter the trio heard a strange sound for that time of night, the sound of horse's hooves.

Before their eyes, like some ghostly apparition, a coach appeared, drawn by a coal-black horse. As it drew near, the driver stopped the carriage

and its occupant leaned out of the window saying, "May I offer you the accommodation of my carriage?" in a deep, rich voice. The man continued by explaining, "We're going to the Inn."

Within a few moments the three inside the carriage. Their host appeared to be a well set-up gentleman, distinguished looking with a thin countenance and a dapper moustache. He was dressed in evening clothes with a top hat and a cloak that for a moment seemed to envelop him like the wings of a large bat.

The stranger introduced himself. "I am Baron Latos from Hungary." It was at this moment that Herr Hussman decided to have the carriage head for his home. Anyone who was kind enough to give them a lift in this godforsaken weather was not going to have to endure a common Inn. For Baron Latos, nothing but the best wine in the Hussman cellar would do.

As the evening wore on they soon discovered that their guest was an interesting conversationalist. But as time wore on, the effects of the wine took hold of Herr Hussman and he fell asleep. Carl went down to the family wine cellar to get another bottle.

While they were alone in the study, *Dracula's* eyes turned to gaze upon Rita, who for some reason had become engrossed in the Count's signet ring. A quick grin of grim amusement crossed Dracula's features as he asked, "You admire my ring?" Rita couldn't tear her eyes away from it as she haltingly replied, "When I look at it I see glimpses of a world where people are dead . . . and yet alive."

"It is the world from which I have come," Dracula said in his rich voice, now lowered to a gentle, almost hypnotic whisper. He removed his ring, placing it on Rita's finger. "Wear it," the vampire commanded; "it will drive away your fears."

But some vestige of reason remained in Rita's brain as she protested that the ring was too large for her. But suddenly, at an almost invisible gesture from Dracula, a golden glow stole about the ring and within moments it had shrunk so it fit snugly on Rita's slim finger. Rita's eyes glazed and she spoke in a dull, listless voice; "I see your world more clearly now. I'm no longer afraid." Dracula's eyes became more intent as he leaned forward, his voice almost a hiss as he intoned, "It is the bond that links us together. I will come for you before the dawn."

But as he proceeded to move one step further in his unholy plan, Dracula was interrupted by the abrupt awakening of old Hussman, who began to ramble on in a dialog he had been holding when he had fallen asleep. Hussman realized what had happened and asked his guest to excuse him. Carl had rejoined the group and the trio bid Baron Latos good night.

Alone, old Hussman began a task he had been contemplating since he had set eyes on "Lampini" at the crossroads. Taking some old census records, Hussmann proceeded to go down the list of names until he found one that stirred an unpleasant memory. "Dr. Niemann, of course!" He reached for the telephone, intending to call Arnz, as his mind raced back over the horror that Niemann had attempted to create those 15 years past. But as he reached for the phone, something made Hussman glance up towards the French windows. He froze as the figure of Count Dracula gazed through the window at him, the vampire's hypnotic gaze boring into Hussman's brain. It was but a few moments till Hussman's will succumbed and he sank into a sleep—a sleep from which he would never awaken.

The window from the porch opened and the figure of a tall man in evening clothes and cape entered. Count Dracula seemed to shrug his arms beneath his cape and, an instant later, transformed himself into a large bat which flew toward the sleeping Hussman. The flying monster landed on the man's shoulder and crawled up the fabric of the old Burgermeister's coat until it was where it wanted to be: at Hussman's jugular vein. With a squeak of unholy pleasure, the vampire began to feed . . .

In their bedroom, Carl & Rita were having their own problems. Ever since their guest had left, Rita had been in a trance-like condition, staring at a unique ring on her hand. Panic seized Carl as he heard Rita say in an emotionless voice like some automaton, *"The darkness calls me. A beautiful world in which one may be dead . . .*

Lon Chaney Jr. in his prime, doing his thing as the Wolf Man, much to the distress of Elena Verdugo.

Karloff pets his "baby."

The Monster is menacing.

and yet alive. I'm going away."

Carl tenderly put her to bed and then went downstairs to consult his grandfather. If anyone knew what to do, Herr Hussman would. But Carl's nightmare was not to end, for as he entered the library he saw his grandfather slumped in his chair and when he shook the old man to wake him he gazed in horror as his grandfather's head lolled to one side: there was no sign of life and Carl knew his grandfather was dead!

Suddenly, something caught his eye, something that brought vague memories of old legends back to his conscious mind. *Legends that told of dead men who rose from their graves to drink the blood of living men, women & children. A thing that left two small marks on the throat; marks like those on the neck of Carl's grandfather!* Within moments Carl had gotten to the telephone and awakened Inspector Arnz, telling him what had happened. Arnz got out of bed, ready to get a squad of his men.

In her bedroom, Rita rose from her bed, once again in the trance-like sleep that signified the power the Undead held over her. Like a robot, the girl walked to the French windows of her room and looked down from the porch onto the patio below. There, in the moonlight, stood Count Dracula, utterly satanic in his black evening suit & cape. The vampire's eyes glowed as he mentally commanded Rita to come to him, anticipating adding her to the ranks of the Undead.

Carl had just hung up the phone when something caught his eye outside the windows of the study: Rita, walking toward the figure of Baron Latos. Before Carl could spring into action, his wife had been placed in the dark carriage of the vampire, who leaped to the driver's seat, his cape spreading out like the wings of a great bat. With a hoarse yell, Carl charged out of the library just as Dracula whipped the coach horses into motion.

Shortly thereafter Arnz and a squad of police arrived at the Hussman house. Carl gasped out what had happened and one of the officers gave up his mount to Carl and the group rode off in grim pursuit, Arnz & Carl knowing what they were up against and that Rita's life and very soul were in jeopardy.

Dracula had a good lead on his pursuers. A shiver of anticipation coursed through the vampire as he thought of Rita's initiation into the ranks of the Living Dead.

But the invisible chessplayer of fate was to take a hand in matters. Dr. Niemann & Daniel, busily putting the last of the Chamber of Horrors exhibit away, saw Dracula's racing carriage and then the squad of policemen. The two escaped criminals had no desire to have a run-in with the law now. Within moments, the Lampini wagons were racing down the road, Dracula's carriage many yards behind. "Are they after us, Master?" Daniel asked. Niemann glanced back. "No, I think they're after Dracula!" Then it began to dawn on the two men why the vampire was following them: it was

almost dawn and he was making for his coffin.

Quickly Niemann's ice-cold mind came to a decision. Despite the fact that an instrument of revenge would be lost to him, Niemann gave a signal to Daniel and took the reins from the hunchback. Daniel clambered over the top of the two show wagons and lowered himself into the wagon containing the exhibit specimens. A few moments later, he began to push something out.

As Dracula spurred the horse pulling his carriage on, a flicker of desperation & terror crossed his satanic features. Dawn would be upon him soon and without his coffin, Dracula would be a victim of his greatest enemy—daylight, for with the rays of the sun the vampire would be destroyed, unable to continue his unnatural existence.

But then a look of demoniacal triumph crossed Dracula's countenance as he saw Daniel in the Lampini show-wagons pushing his coffin into the road. Dracula spurred on the coach horse when suddenly something went wrong: the kingpin holding the coach & team together fell out and the coach, carrying Dracula & Rita, plunged over a hillside, coming to rest at the bottom of the low embankment.

Disheveled, covered with dust, Dracula pulled himself to his feet, forgetting everything except one all-consuming purpose: He had to get to his coffin before the sun rose. Dracula raced toward his unholy sanctuary with a speed born of desperation & terror.

The vampire was fumbling with the catch on the coffin lid when he suddenly knew the end was at hand. He had played his game and lost. The sun, his deadliest enemy, had risen, bathing him in its deadly light. Dracula screamed in unholy agony as the rays seared through him, even as he tried to shield himself with his cape while he tried to open his coffin.

Arnz, Carl and the policemen rode up just in time to hear Dracula's scream and see the vampire fall to the ground. But their first concern was for Rita.For Carl it was an eternity of agony as he pulled her from the overturned coach, Arnz watching anxiously. Suddenly both men looked down at the girl's hand as a strange golden glow surrounded the odd ring she wore. A moment later, the ring dropped from the girl's finger, her eyes opened and Carl & Arnz breathed a sigh of relief. Something told them that the girl was free forever from the spell of the Undead.

For two constables, however, there was no sight of joy: a gruesome picture was awaiting them. For as they walked over to the body of their quarry, lying half-on, half-off the black coffin, they saw a sight which sent their senses reeling in horror. The man they had pursued had suddenly, in wisps of smoke, disintegrated into a skeleton shrouded by a black opera cape.

The career of Count Dracula, vampire, was ended for eternity. Or was it?

And the Lampini show-wagons rolled on toward their next destination.

Larry Talbot vs. Ilonka.

Center—John Carradine!

Ilonka

FRANKENSTEIN, THE TOWN WHERE THE GENIUS OF SCIENCE WAS BORN, thought Niemann. The birthplace of the man he tried to emulate.

The horses had to rest, else the final point of Niemann's macabre odyssey would never be reached. Also, Niemann had another reason for stopping in Frankenstein:the diary of Dr. Henry Frankenstein still existed, containing the secrets of life & death, in the ruins of his castle or laboratory. Selecting a suitable spot, near a gypsy camp, Niemann prepared to spend the night.

Suddenly a group of police constables entered the gypsy camp, to be met by the band's leader, an oily, evil-looking fellow named Fejos. The leader of the group, Gerlach, ordered the gypsies to leave Frankenstein. As the police turned to walk away, Gerlach spotted Niemann's wagons and approached the scientist.

"What's in these wagons?" Gerlach demanded.

"A Chamber of Horrors," replied Niemann.

"Listen," Gerlach said, "We've had enough horrors around here." He pointed to an ominous-looking mountain, atop which sat the ruins of a once stately castle, now a mass of rubble and a few walls. "Our village has been quiet & peaceful since the dam broke and swept the Wolf Man and the Frankenstein Monster to their destruction several years ago. No one ever goes near that place. We don't want to be reminded of something we've been trying to forget."

Niemann began to gather up their belongings. In the gypsy camp, Fejos had decided to take all the money he could before leaving. Even the money Ilonka, the lovely dancing girl, had worked hard to get. Fejos was in no mood to be reasonable and brutally seized the girl, hurling her to the ground.

Daniel exploded in a blinding rage. He ran to the gypsy camp and bowled Fejos over. The screaming attracted Niemann, who rushed over and grabbed Daniel by the arm. "You fool!" "Do you want the police on us?"

Daniel began to follow Niemann back to the wagons but the sight of Ilonka's unconscious form stopped him and he pleaded with Niemann to let her come with them. "Alright," the scientist said, "if it'll keep you in your right senses."

the cave of monsters

That night, in the new campsite by the ruins, Niemann went exploring. Suddenly his voice cut through the night. Daniel answered. Within moments the unholy duo were making their way into the depths of the ruins of Castle Frankenstein.

Something was bothering Daniel. Ever since he had met Ilonka a desire had been growing within him. "Master," Daniel asked, "If we find the records will you make me like other men?"

"Daniel, I'll make you an Adonis!" But even as he said these words, there was a crash of brush and the sound of a body falling: Daniel had stepped onto a pile of rubble gathered over a hole and his weight sent the entire conglomeration caving in. Niemann looked down and saw a way into the maze-like tunnels under the castle. He scrambled down and joined his hunchbacked servant. "We'd better look for the records in here," he said. The two made their way to an opening in the rock wall and, looking through, found themselves confronted by a beautiful, eerie sight. It was a gigantic cavern, its walls & ceiling covered with ice & snow. They walked till the light of Niemann's lantern revealed a wall of semi-transparent ice. Within it, frozen in suspended animation, was a huge, hulking figure—weird & frightening.

A feeling of reverence came over Niemann as he recognized the dim figure. Ghoulish legends & macabre descriptions as well as the notes of his own brother had made him familiar with what stood, imprisoned in ice, before him. "The Undying Monster," he intoned, "the triumphant climax of Frankenstein's genius . . ."

A thought hit Niemann and he swung around, until he spotted a second indistinct figure encased in the ice. "The Wolf Man!" he breathed. "We'll set them free and they'll help us."

A creature made by science and brought to life by lightning and a being tormented with a curse of the supernatural, they were dug out in blocks of frozen water and placed near fires. Time passed, and as Niemann examined the thawing figure of the Frankenstein Monster, Daniel went to examine their other "patient". Within moments, he was scurrying back, and with good reason: the Wolf Man had started to move, his half-human, half-animal face snarling at the hunchback as his claws curled with the lust to kill. But no warning was necessary from Daniel, for as Niemann turned to see what troubled his assistant, a third party joined them.

He was a young man, around his eyes and on his face were lines of suffering, a suffering such as man never knew. His eyes glowed with a light that bespoke someone who had beheld or experienced terrors & agony beyond the ordinary ken of man. This then was Lawrence Talbot, who "died" at the age of 32 by his father's own hand. Larry Talbot, bitten by a wolf that was not a wolf but a man . . . a creature of the darkness; a werewolf. Larry Talbot, who had gone through the tortures of the damned, changing when the moon was full into the half-man, half-animal thing that had attacked people ripped out their throats and drunk their blood. Larry's eyes took in the scene before him: the two men and, by the fire, a creature he knew too well . . . the Frankenstein Monster.

"Who are you?" Larry demanded. "Why have you freed me from the ice that imprisons the beast within me? Why?" "Perhaps to help you,"

Niemann answered. Talbot groaned, "No earthly power can help those who are marked by the sign of the Pentagram." "And yet you came to Frankenstein for help." "But I was too late! He'd been killed in a fire. I wanted to die, too." "And these frozen waters have held you all these years," Niemann whispered in awe.

"Now you have brought me back to a life of misery. With each full moon I turn into a werewolf. I kill! I just want to die. Only death can bring me peace."

Niemann was moved by Talbot's plight. "You don't have to die, my boy," he said. "How can you help me?" "I too am a doctor, a scientist like Frankenstein. Show me his records and I'll build you a brain that will lift this curse from you forever!"

Hope rose again in Talbot. Niemann just might be able to help him. And so Larry Talbot, eager for release from his curse of lycanthropy, led Niemann to a hidden shelf upon which rested a large, dust-covered journal—*The Secrets of Life & Death by Dr. Henry Frankenstein.*

Later, in the Lampini living wagon, Larry sat by the bed upon which lay the inert form of the Frankenstein Monster. Even unconscious it was a fearsome sight with its huge body, misshapen head and the electrodes in its neck.

"He only wanted strength & life," Larry said. "I want only death." Niemann looked up from the Journal and said, "In these records both problems will be solved. In my laboratory in Vasaria I have the machines to revive him." "Then I must wait until we reach Vasaria," Larry moaned, a cold chill of terror running through him; terror of another moonlit night when he would become the Wolf Man once again.

forbidden grounds

The third day of the journey to Vasaria the Lampini wagons camped beside a stream in the woods. Daniel had no free time to talk to Ilonka and this distressed him, particularly when he noticed the amount of attention she paid to Talbot. But Dr. Niemann kept him busy getting hot water for compresses for he had discovered that the freezing & thawing out process might have started a degeneration in the creature's tissues and he had to prevent this at all costs!

At the stream, Ilonka flirted with Larry who was seated on a rock. Two eyes watched this little drama, eyes filled with hatred & jealousy. Daniel felt the old urge to destroy return.

Time passed and at last the Lampini wagons neared Vasaria but instead of heading for the town the wagons headed for a foreboding estate in the woods, surrounded by a huge gate. The night was dark & windy, almost a prophecy of the horror that was to come. Niemann, Larry

Victim of his own creations! The late Master of Make-up, JACK PIERCE, attacked by Karloff & Naish as Niemann & Daniel.

& Daniel forced open the old gate, with the sign ENTRANCE TO THESE GROUNDS FORBIDDEN—DR. GUSTAVE NIEMANN.

Inside the old castle, the group made their way through the dark corridors, as Niemann relished the memories of the hours he had spent working on his unorthodox theories in his laboratory. Time had covered the lab with layers of dust, dirt & cobwebs.

The Monster was carried into the lab and placed on an operating table, wrapped completely in a blanket. As Ilonka was drawn to the form through curiosity, Daniel lifted the blanket from the Monster's face to show her the giant figure, still sleeping its unnatural sleep. At the sight of the creature's bizarre face, Illonka gave a cry and ran . . . straight into Larry Talbot's arms.

But there was no time for hatred as Niemann set everyone to work cleaning up the lab. Soon the lab was operable once more and ready to carry out Dr. Niemann's great experiment.

The Monster was now placed on a table and a coffin-like glass cabinet placed over him. Controlled by Niemann, steam was pumped into the cabinet. But Larry was not really interested. Terror ran through every fiber of his body for the full moon was due that night and with it the terrible transformation. "Operate on me!" Larry demanded. "The moon will be full tonight. You know what that means! I can't stand to go through that torture again!"

Niemann whirled on Larry. "An operation now would be a failure," he explained. "It would leave you exactly as you are. You must wait."

Larry stormed out. After he was gone, Daniel walked over to Niemann, anxiety in his voice. "Master, you promised me too . . ." "All in good time. Tonight we call on my old friends . . . Ullmann . . . and Strauss." Even Daniel shuddered as, at the thought of the two men he had just named, Niemann's face assumed an expression that could only be described as that of a demon arising from the flames of hell to wreak havoc in the world.

transplants of horror

Frederick Strauss walked out of the Inn and started to make his way home through the dark streets of Vasaria.

One day 15 years ago he had testified against Gustave Niemann, the mad doctor.

As he passed by a dark side-street, a voice hailed him. "Herr Strauss?" As Strauss turned in the direction of the call he saw a man emerge from the shadows. His eyes momentarily caused Strauss to shudder. He had seen that face somewhere before but he couldn't recall where. As Strauss acknowledged himself to the stranger, the man leaned forward in malicious eagerness and said, in carefully spaced words, "Remember me? I'm Doctor Niemann." Within those frac-

The ever-vigilant villagers chase the Frankenstein monster & his victim, Dr. Niemann, into the treacherous swamp.

tions of a second everything flooded back into Strauss's memory and he ran into the darkness of the side street, hoping to lose his enemy.

Niemann stood where he was, looking after the fleeing Strauss with a smile of tolerant amusement as a thin shriek wafted through the night air. Strauss's flight was interrupted by Daniel, who emerged seconds later with the little man's unconscious form over his shoulder.

When Strauss awoke he was sure he had been dreaming something that was impossible. First Niemann returning and then the twisted figure that had seized him. But when he tried to move he knew it was no dream: he had been tied hand and foot, with a gag covering his mouth, and placed on a bed.

As he looked around, he saw another figure, tied to a chair. And surveying the scene with a look of mocking triumph in his mad eyes was Dr. Niemann! Niemann moved between his two prisoners with an apologetic, "Oh, forgive me, Herr Ulmann. You know Herr Strauss, the garrulous gentleman who testified he saw me take a body from its grave?" Niemann's voice grew cold as he snarled, "We don't forget, Herr Strauss, do we?" Strauss could see that Ullmann was terrified.

A look of mock concern crossed Niemann's face as he loosened the gag from Ulmann's mouth. Words tumbled out of the terrified man's mouth. "Let me go, Niemann. Let me go and my money is yours. Every bit of it! Don't kill me! Don't!"

A look of hurt sensitivity came over Niemann's satanic countenance as he said, "What? Kill my old & trusted assistant? Why, no, Ullman. I'm not going to kill you. I'm going to repay you . . . for betraying me. I'm going to give that brain of yours a new home." Then, leaning down so Ullmann could get the full impact of the madness in his eyes, Niemann said, with malicious joy, "A new home . . . in the skull of the Frankenstein Monster!"

Then, turning to the terrified Strauss, Niemann smiled as he told him, "As for you, Strauss, I'm going to give you the brain of the Wolf Man so that all your waking hours will be spent in untold agony awaiting the rising of the full moon, which will change you into a werewolf!"

And so Niemann & Daniel removed the brains of the doctor's betrayers, placing them in special tanks through which a constant flow of plasma fluid kept them alive.

As he finished adjusting the controls of the plasma machines, Niemann was stopped by Daniel. "Master," the hunchback asked eagerly, "Now that I've helped you with Strauss & Ullmann, will you give me Talbot's body?" Niemann whirled in fury on his assistant, snarling, "No! Talbot's body is the perfect home for the Monster's brain! I can rebuild it, add & detract from it as I choose!" "But you promised," Daniel

pleaded. Niemann cut him off. "Do as I say or I'll *never* help you!"

He stalked out of the lab, Daniel staring hatefully after him.

night of the beast

A few moments after Niemann had left the laboratory, Daniel returned to his chores. Footsteps caused him to stop. He turned and saw that the lab had a visitor:Ilonka. The girl asked Talbot's whereabouts. "You love him, don't you?" the hunchback said, in a roundabout reply. "Yes," she said, "but he doesn't know it. "It wouldn't make any difference if he did," Daniel stated as he started to draw a singular design in a book page. Ilonka walked over to see what he had been doing.

The hunchback pointed at his drawing and asked, "Do you know what that is?" "It's a star," Ilonka replied, bewildered by Daniel's question. "It's a five-pointed star," Daniel corrected, "The sign of the Pentagram."

The enormity of what Daniel had just said hit Ilonka as she gasped, "The Mark of the Beast!" Then Daniel began to recite an old rhyme, a rhyme which had played an important part in the life of Larry Talbot. "Even a man who is pure at heart and says his prayers by night . . ." he began. And the gypsy girl finished, *"May become a wolf when the wofbane blooms and the moon is full & bright."*

"He's a werewolf," Daniel said. Ilonka stared at him in horrified shock. Her mind was torn between two emotions:her love for Larry Talbot and horror of the legend of the man who became a beast when the moon was full. She screamed at Daniel that she hated him, that he was mean & ugly. Then she fled from the laboratory. The hunchback was completely broken as he turned and looked around for something on which to vent the rage building up within his insane mind.

His eyes came to rest on the operating table, onto which the body of the Frankenstein Monster had been strapped. Seizing a thick leather strap, Daniel grabbed it as he walked toward the Monster. The table had been tilted upwards so that the Monster was placed at a slight angle. Like this, his enormous size was terrifying. But Daniel, in his rage & grief, didn't even notice as he stared up at the now semi-conscious giant.

"She hates me," he cried. "She hates me because I'm an ugly hunchback! If it weren't for you, I'd have Talbot's body." Daniel began to wield the leather strap, striking out at the symbol of his frustration with all the strength he could muster as the Monster remained immobilized on the table, vaguely aware of what had been happening.

In another room of the Niemann castle, Larry Talbot was going through the torture he had suffered for many years. From the night after the gypsy Bela had bitten him while in his werewolf state, Larry's life had been one of horror & anguish. He had killed several people in his hometown, even trying to destroy his sweetheart Gwen. But the timely arrival of his father, Sir John Talbot, and the beating he received with the old man's weapon, a silver-headed cane owned by Larry, had brought temporary peace to the anguished Larry. Then two grave-robbers had broken into Larry's coffin, allowing the full moon to shine down on the supposedly dead Talbot, reviving him. For the legends say a werewolf cannot be killed by ordinary means.

Since then, it had been a trail of killings as Larry had wended his way to find Dr. Ludwig Frankenstein.the son of the illustrious scientist. But he had been dead and the horror had continued, culminating with the entombment of the Frankenstein Monster and the Wolf Man in ice.

The full moon rose in the night sky, its nocturnal light bringing horror to Talbot's mind. Human thoughts were being pushed out of his consciousness as Talbot ran out into the garden of the old castle.

The night mist drifted over the ground of the Niemann estate. In the soft earth, the prints of bare human feet moved toward the gate of the castle. But as they proceeded, a subtle change began to take place in them until they were no longer the footprints of a human being but those of an animal—a wolf! In a few moments the transformation was complete and a figure, half human, half beast, face covered with coarse animal hair, teeth changed to sharp tearing fangs, hands transformed into grasping talons, ran into the night, vanishing into the fog.

The Wolf Man roamed once more!

death's grim game

At the Inn in Vasaria, the Burgermeister, Tobler, the chief of police and several villagers were passing the time when suddenly the door to the inn burst open and a villager rushed in, terror in his eyes, shouting "Inspector! I just found Herr Braun in the woods. He's dead!" People sprang from their chairs. One of their own kind had met the Grim Reaper and was no longer among them. They followed their terrified guide to a spot in the woods where the torn, mutilated body of Braun lay.

Dr. Geissler, the town coroner, examined the body. He looked up at Toberman and said in a grave, nervous voice, "The jugular vein is severed. Not cut but torn apart as though by powerful teeth!" "A werewolf," murmured a villager named Schwartz. The mention of the dread creature of the night sent a chill of terror through the villagers. While they were modern in many respects, they still had within them the fear of the unknown as had their forefathers. Toberman's gruff voice chided, "I'm surprised at you and ashamed that you believe in such idiotic

The lycanthrope sleeps in his icy tomb and when he wakes it's certain doom!

superstition."

"Then how do you explain that!" Schwartz demanded as he pointed to Braun's corpse. "And what about Strauss & Ullman? They're still missing! If there is a werewolf, our people should know about it! Let's find him!" A roar of agreement rose from the assembled villagers. Toberman knew there was nothing he could do to try and stop them. "Alright!" he shouted. "Organize your searching parties. The Inspector will head one group, Schwartz another and Meier a third . . ."

Even as the great werewolf hunt was being organized, the cause of it all, Larry Talbot, sat in the garden of Niemann's castle, his mind tormented by the enormous horror of what he had done under his ghastly spell of lycanthropy. As he pondered, Ilonka came up to him and began to speak the ancient rhyme. "You know," he exclaimed. "Daniel told me," she said gently.

"Last night I killed a man," Larry moaned. "You didn't know what you were doing," Ilonka started to protest but Larry stopped her. "But I did," he cried. "I wanted to kill. Tonight the moon will rise again and I'll become the beast. I'll kill again!"

"Can't Dr. Niemann do anything for you?" Ilonka asked. "He says he can but he keeps putting me off," Talbot replied. "When that spell comes over me, I'll kill anything or anyone. I might even kill you. Only death can bring me peace of mind. And a werewolf doesn't just die. He must be killed. Killed by a silver bullet."

At that moment a grim resolution came into the girl's mind:if it took a silver bullet to kill a werewolf and bring peace to the man she loved, she would help him. With a silver bullet, "Fired by the hand of one who . . . who loves him enough to understand."

And so Ilonka proceeded to work on one of the silver charms from her necklace, hammering it into a crude bullet which she planned to fire from an old flintlock pistol.

Night spread its black cloak over Vasaria and in the old castle Dr. Niemann began the greatest experiment of his life:the revival of the Frankenstein Monster! Already the mad scientist was at work, connecting the life-giving electrode-wires to the inducting bolts on the Monster's neck.

Making certain that everything was secure, Niemann walked over to the main console of the weird electrical machines that had been rebuilt. Daniel stood by the switch of the power unit as Niemann made his final adjustments. Then, at a signal from the scientist, Daniel turned on the power. The huge machines began to operate in a cacophony of light & sound. Niemann was watching the various meters & dials when Larry, his face a mask of fear, burst into the lab.

Seizing Niemann, Talbot whirled him around, shouting above the din, "Listen, you promised if I found Frankenstein's records you'd cure me

of this curse. I found them—now it's time for you to keep *your* part of the bargain! I've waited long enough! Last night I killed a man. Tonight the moon will be full again!" Suddenly a dangerous glint came into his eyes. He grabbed Niemann by the shoulders. "Operate on me or I swear I'll . . ."

Talbot's hands flew to Niemann's throat and he began to choke the scientist. But Niemann's insane mind worked quickly as he glared back at Talbot, calmly saying, "And destroy your only hope of release?" Something within Larry's mind brought him back to normal as he realized Niemann was right. There was nothing Larry could do. Releasing Niemann, Talbot returned and raced out of the lab.

While the grim drama of the castle was being played, the villagers of Vasaria, determined to find the monster they believed menaced their lives, were conducting their hunt. Armed with guns & torches they had split into different search parties but so far nothing had been turned up. Toberman turned to look at one of the searchers, a note of sarcasm in his voice. "Any sign of your werewolf yet?"

But Meier & Born, two of the villagers, had separated from one of the search parties to do some prowling on their own. Suddenly they saw something ahead of them that sent terror flooding through their hearts: lights were flashing from the windows of the old Niemann place . . . a castle that had been deserted for over 15 years. The two men ran in terror until they rejoined the main search party. Toberman was immediately apprised of what they had seen and a grim look came over his face. So Niemann was back!

In the castle laboratory, Niemann continued his insane experiment, unaware of the search parties which were now heading for his castle. His agile fingers adjusted controls & switches while Daniel watched the gauge of the power unit. Suddenly a buzzer sounded and Daniel yelled, "*Danger, master! Danger!*" "Decrease the megavoltage!" Niemann shouted. Within moments the machines had stopped and Niemann eagerly approached the huge operating table where the Monster lay, its eyes open, life evident in its gigantic frame.

Triumph coursed thru Niemann's brain. This was his moment of triumph. He had carried on Frankenstein's greatest work; he had brought the Undying Being back to full potential. His theories were right!

The giant was awake as Niemann began to examine him. As the Monster looked into Niemann's face, something seemed to tell him that here was the man who had brought him back to life. A twisted caricature of a smile played across the thing's lips.

But when Daniel came near, the Monster changed. Anger flared in its eyes and a soundless snarl passed its lips as it reached out with its confined arms to seize Daniel. It remembered all too well the beating with the strap that Daniel had administered earlier.

two for the black sleep

Larry Talbot sat in his room, his brain ablaze with the horror of what he knew was coming. Rising from his chair, the tormented lycanthrope walked over to the mirror and watched, terror in his eyes, as the all-too-familiar transformation began once again.

Unknown to Talbot, there was one other witness to his ordeal: Ilonka. Looking thru the curtained windows, she stared in horror as she saw the man she loved turn into a snarling creature of the nether world.

Suddenly, without warning, the Wolf Man turned and raced toward the French windows, smashing out and racing into the night. The girl stood in shock. But only for a moment! Then, gripping the ancient pistol she carried, Ilonka set out in pursuit of the Wolf Man.

She had just gotten near the great hedge by the castle entrance when a huge shape grabbed. Teeth bit into her throat, talon-like hands ripped her flesh as Ilonka instinctively fired the gun she carried. There was a howl of agony from the Wolf Man as he flung the girl away from him and staggered back, trying to run off into the only world he knew, the darkness of the night.

But the power of the silver bullet had taken hold quickly. Within seconds the werewolf was crawling along the ground, his body a mass of agony & fire. Twisting & writhing, the Wolf Man suddenly went rigid, then relaxed, lying on the grounds . . . dead forever.

Ilonka knew she was dying; her wounds from the animal-man's attack had been too great—fatal. But as the life flowed out of her, she used every ounce of her remaining strength to crawl along the ground until she was able to rest her head on the chest of the man she loved. Before the black sleep engulfed her, Ilonka beheld a sight that sent a glimmer of happiness into her heart: the Wolf Man changed back into the form of Larry Talbot, his face a mask of peace as if he knew what had happened. Then darkness came and Ilonka slumped on Larry's chest; two lovers, united in death.

climax of Horror

As Niemann was examining the Frankenstein Monster, he turned to Daniel. "Tell Talbot I'm ready for him." Daniel rushed off, anxious to be away from the Monster. But when he came to Talbot's room he found the door locked. Bewilderment ran thru his mind. Suddenly he heard the scream of a woman and a shot. He rushed outside. Daniel's mind went numb as he picked up the body of Ilonka, carrying it tenderly to the lab.

Niemann was jolted by what he saw and ordered Daniel to put the girl on the operating table.

He proceeded to examine her but stopped a moment later, his eyes observing the wounds on her throat. "The Wolf Man," Niemann muttered, his shoulders slumping. There was nothing he could do for the girl.

Niemann turned away from the table, the full impact of the tragedy hitting him. Everything he had been working for had been shattered.

But Daniel felt no guilt, no pity. His warped mind was back on its one-way track of death. The hunchback's face was calm as he approached Niemann. "The only thing I ever loved," he intoned. "This wouldn't have happened if you had kept faith with me. I served you well, Master! Remember Lampini? Strauss & Ullmann? Now you will join them!"

Before Niemann could move, Daniel was upon him, his powerful hands seizing his throat, bending the scientist backwards. There was a brief struggle and a snap, accompanying the breaking of Niemann's back.

But other eyes watched the grim tableau. The Frankenstein Monster had witnessed Niemann's execution and was tearing free of the restraining straps that held it to the operating table. Once free, the giant stalked thru the castle laboratory, straight for Daniel.

Outside the castle the villagers were now one body of fury, torches burning, heading for the entrance. Suddenly they stopped as one of the windows of the tower exploded in a crescendo of glass & wood. A man hurtled outwards, a hunchback, scrambling desperately for a hold on the roofing of the structure. For a moment it seemed as if he would succeed but then he fell into space, screaming for his life as he fell to the ground hundreds of feet below. The townspeople realized that Niemann was back and death, violent death, had returned with him!

As one man, the mob stormed the castle, rushing up the winding stairways and into the huge laboratory. There, an awesome, macabre sight greeted them: Dr. Niemann lay like a limp rag doll in the arms of a huge grotesque giant that looked down at its burden with a mien of sadness.

As the thing turned to glare at the mob, Toberman suddenly recognized it from the fantastic tales told of the terror it had created in the past. "It's the Frankenstein Monster!" he cried as the thing, Niemann cradled in one arm, lumbered toward them. But the old man remembered other things about the dread creature. "Use your torches!" he shouted. "It can't stand fire!"

Faced with its ancient & unconquerable foe, the Monster retreated, waving its free arm in impotent rage, snarling in fear & anger as it lurched down one of the winding stairways to the outside, its mind obsessed with one thought: to escape the fire.

The Monster found only one way open to it: the exit leading to a large marsh some distance behind the castle in the woods. But Toberman's quick brain thought of this. Quickly he turned to the others and shouted: "Set fire to the marsh

Partners in peril. Karloff & Naish in their prime in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN.

grass. Drive it into the bog!"

The terror of fire drove the Monster on as the first dim glow of the burning marsh field came into view. On & on it stumbled, carrying the helpless, paralyzed Niemann under its arm.

But even though his body was paralyzed, Niemann could still speak. As the Monster entered the marsh, his mind remembered a terrifying fact. "Not that way!" he shouted. "Danger! Quicksand!" But terror made the Frankenstein Monster deaf to the warning of its nemesis as it staggered right into a large pool of murky muddy silt. At the center it could move no farther.

Niemann was helpless as the Monster tried to escape, only to sink faster into the bottomless depths of the mire.

Toberman and the villagers ran up to the edge of the quicksand just in time to see the top of the Monster's misshapen head vanishing beneath the surface. And yet, even with the giant under the quicksand, Niemann still remained above the surface, held there by the vanished Monster.

But even this could not last and in a few moments the villagers watched in horror mixed with relief as Dr. Gustave Niemann, the mad scientist who had delved unwisely into the unknown, had performed weirder experiments than anyone could imagine, sank from sight. Justice had overtaken Niemann, and as the villagers turned away, only a few bubbles rising to the surface of the quicksand marked the mutual grave of man & monster.

END

THE MUMMY'S GHOST

the SCARY story of the HAUNTER from the PAST

Chapter 1
"Mysteries of Arkhon"

Near the titanic Sphinx of Egypt, past the rows of gigantic statues of Pharaoh Ramses, lies a temple—the Temple of Arkhon. Its columns, eroded by the desert sand, have long since fallen, and the stones of its structure are scattered about. The temple has nearly crumbled but its priests have survived.

A tall, dignified Egyptian ascends the steps, entering the altar room. There he is met by the reigning Priest of Arkhon, and he bows to the withering man. As the Priest seats himself upon his throne, he announces to the visitor, Youssef Bey, that he is ready to die. He tells Youssef to take his place as High Priest and that his purpose is to journey to America to retrieve Kharis & Ananka, both of whom were shipped there previously.

Elsewhere, in the small town of Mapleton in New England, a professor of Egyptology is lecturing to a classroom of students at school. The subject of the lecture is Kharis, the Living Mummy, and as Prof. Norman progresses, the students listen in rapt attention. They are told of the secret society of Arkhon, which harbors the most sacred mummies throughout the centuries. Norman tells of Kharis' destruction:

"The Monster itself was consumed in the flames of the burial room."

He continues, telling of Kharis' fantastic longevity due to tana leaves, and the pupils are amazed, shocked to disbelief.

"But how they could preserve life indefinitely is still a mystery," he adds, not knowing exactly how the leaves were used.

Carry On, Kharia! Note Amina-Ananka's hair turning gray—wouldn't yours?

John Carradine as Youssef Bey, High Priest of Arkhon.

"Now swear that you shall never rest until Kharis & Princess Ananka are returned to these tombs," says George Zucco, as the High Priest.

Chapter 2
"The Legend of Kharis"

The dismissal bell rings and the class leaves. On the outside, one of the students, Tom Herbie, is teased about his fiancee, Amina Mansori, a beautiful young lady of Egyptian descent, but Tom just passes it off. Tom goes to one of the nearby houses, stepping inside, and he finds Amina in her library. They greet each other and he playfully lifts up her pet monkey. Walking around the room, Tom happens to see a volume on the tombs of Egypt, and he becomes interested in it, remarking that Prof. Norman might like to read it. But his comments are interrupted when he sees a pained expression on Amina's face.

"Something happens to me when I think of Egypt," she explains.

She rises from her seat and almost faints; Tom helps her to her room. He asks her to go with him to a theater and she accepts the invitation, but adds that she must first take a rest in order to overcome her weakness.

In Egypt, at the same time, Youssef Bey & the High Priest are gazing into an urn from which vapors of mystic time are billowing, and the High Priest narrates the story of Kharis and his princess Ananka. He proceeds:

Over 3000 years ago, Ananka, daughter of Pharoah Amenophis, died, and she was buried with great ceremony. Before her entombment, her father bade her farewell forever, and nearby, unseen among the crowd, Ananka's forbidden lover, Kharis, a prince of the royal house, looked on in tears. He refused to believe that she would no longer be with him, so he broke into the sacred altar room of one of the temples. There, he removed the coffer of tana leaves from its hiding place at the feet of the idol Isis, knowing that he could revive her with them. This act, however, angered the gods, and even the idol moved in anger. The ankh held in Isis' hand moved forward to point accusingly at Kharis. Fleeing in fear, he escaped with the leaves and withdrew to her tomb to recite the incantation for resurrection, but the scribes learned of the theft and arrested him. Brought before Amenophis, he was adjudged guilty of sacrilege and condemend to be mummified alive. It was decreed in the sacred writings of Thoth that all who defile the temple of Isis must die a terrible, agonized death. Kharis was taken to the embalming room, where he was wrapped in gauze soaked with liquid, and his tongue was cut out to prevent his unholy oaths from being heard. After the last piece of gauze was wrapped about him, he was placed in a case and taken to an unmarked tomb near the Valley of the Seven Jackals—where Ananka was buried. The case was lowered into it, and the slaves who participated in the burial were slain. No one but the Priests of Arkhon would ever know of Kharis' burial place. Immediately after, the priests moved Kharis to a tomb at the entrance of Ananka's tomb, along with the tana leaves he had stolen. It was ordained by Amon-Ra that Kharis would remain immortal in order to guard Ananka from desecration. An American archeologist, thousands of years later, stumbled upon the two, and they were transported to America. One priest had been recently sent there to retrieve the two, but he had

John Carradine as High Priest Youssef serves the broth of the life-sustaining tana leaves to the 30-centuries-old Egyptian.

failed and he was met by a violent death. Kharis supposedly was destroyed by fire.

"But through the secret message brought to us by the Holy Spirit of Amon-Ra," the High Priest says, "we know that he is still alive."

Chapter 3
"Liquid Life"

The High Priest begins to tell Youssef of his duties as the new High Priest of Arkhon, and he hands him the priestly medallion.

"Now swear by the ancient gods of Egypt that you shall never rest until Kharis & Princess Ananka are returned to their rightful resting places in these tombs," he says, pointing to the tombs inscribed upon the medallion.

Youssef speaks the oath and the High Priest tells Youssef the secrets of the tana leaves. As the High Priest finishes, he sits down, collapsing in the arms of Death.

Elsewhere, that night, Professor Norman is sitting in his study in deep contemplation, busily translating an ancient Egyptian hieroglyphic. Suddenly his face brightens in success. "I have it!" he jubilantly bursts forth.

Instantly, Ellen, his wife, enters the room, complaining that it is far beyond his bedtime, but he refuses to retire, telling her that he has discovered the secret of the tana leaves—9 tana leaves each night during the cycle of the full moon to keep movement in Kharis' withering limbs. Not understanding her husband's scientific find, Ellen departs for bed, and Norman decides to try to put the knowledge to use—he places 9 of the crumbling leaves into an urn of boiling water, and the vapors rise mystically into the air.

Nearby, in the forest Kharis is limping in his rotting rags when he senses the precious tana leaves. He turns, heading toward Professor Norman's house, and he comes to a fence. He mightily crashes through, continuing onward. In Norman's

Kharis is challenged by a nightwatchman, and . . . .

home, his houseguest Amina is sleeping, but she begins to stir restlessly. As if in a trance, she arises from bed, going out of the room, and at the same time, Kharis is approaching the house. Amina goes out on the porch, walking out in the yard, and she continues into the woods nearby. Only moments later Kharis arrives, stopping before the library of Norman, and he ominously steps to the door. In the room before him, Norman sits and he seems to sense Kharis' presence. As Norman turns in horror, Kharis advances, his hand lifted at Norman's neck, and Norman moves back with fear spread across his face. Kharis seizes his neck, choking him to death, and the ancient Egyptian lifts the urn aside, leaving, and nearby, Amina sees him. She immediately faints from the sight of the walking mummy and as her arm lies on the grass, a scarab-birthmark reveals itself.

Chapter 4
"The Monster Walks"

The following morning, as Tom is dressing, one of his friends rushes in excitedly.

"Norman's dead!" he chatters. "Murdered!"

Tom then is told that Amina, found outside the house when the body was discovered, is the prime suspect. Instantly Tom speeds out to investigate.

At Norman's study, the Sheriff is examining Norman's corpse.

"Strangulation," he mutters. "Traces of foreign substance on his throat . . . It's mold!"

"The mummy!" someone gasps.

Ellen is brought in and tells Sheriff Elwood that Norman was working on some Egyptian heiroglyphics that night. Elwood has Amina questioned and she tells him she cannot remember what happened the night before to make her go out in the garden. Just then, Tom rushes in angrily, contending that Amina could not possibly be the murderess, for she was at the theater with him that night when Norman was murdered. When asked what time they returned, Tom tells the Sheriff, who instantly suspects that the murder took place an hour after they returned, thereby once more pointing a condemning finger at Amina. Amina is released into Tom's custody with the reminder that she must stay in Mapleton, and the two leave. Outside, however, Amina turns, startled, and Tom inquires what is wrong. She promptly excuses herself by saying nothing but her nerves.

Soon, news of the Mummy Murder leaks out, and newspapers all around the country spread the fearful rumors. In most of the papers this gaping

the nightwatchman finds himself in the grip of a waking nightmare he'd rather not watch.

headline is screamed:

MUMMY BELIEVED TO BE BACK
IN NEW ENGLAND!

People are warned to stay at home in Mapleton, and plenty of guards are set up. The police caution a group of women to be careful, while in an old shack near the swamp, Youssef Bey is mumbling cryptic chants over a steaming urn. He prays to Amon-Ra for protection:

"O Mighty Gods of Egypt, protect me with your shielding arms. Bring Kharis to me. Guide him here where I await him."

Chapter 5
"Kharis the Killer"

Prowling through the forest not far away, Kharis suddenly stops in his path, sensing Youssef's message, but he continues. At the same moment, near Kharis, Tom & Amina drive up and stop their car. Tom tells Amina that she has been acting strangely lately and his dog "Peanuts" begins to bark nervously. Amina sees Kharis coming from the distance but Tom does not and she tries to conceal seeing him. Tom kisses her but Amina sees a shadow in the bushes nearby and Peanuts barks again. Suddenly, a man bursts forth from the brush, carrying a shotgun, and he trips, apologizing for scaring them. It is Ben, one of the local farmers who are hunting for Kharis. Frightened, Amina asks to go home, and Tom drives her.

Later, Kharis limps into the field near Ben's home, and Ben's dog King begins to bark too. Kharis heads toward the barn and King pursues him, biting the wrappings around his leg. The monstrous mummy enters the barn, unmindful of the dog, but Ben's wife hears the commotion and gazes out the window above the barn. Just as she does, Ben himself returns, and he hears King barking in the barn. Readying his shotgun, Ben cautiously steps inside to meet Kharis, who attacks him. Ben emits a chilling scream, and his wife runs downstairs to the barn to find Ben murdered—and the wall torn out. King barks toward the forest.

The Sheriff is summoned and he examines Ben. Looking at the torn-out wall, he returns with a diagnosis.

"No thief killed Ben," he says. "And nothing human tore thru that wall."

Chapter 6
"The Hour of Death"

At the shack, Kharis comes to Youssef, who thanks Amon-Ra for answering his prayers.

"Mighty Amon-Ra," I thank thee for guiding

Kharis to me," he says. Then turning to Kharis, he says, "Come, Kharis."

The two step out into the moonlit night.

Miles away, sometime later, inside the building inscribed SCRIPPS MUSEUM the guide is lecturing to a few people on Princess Ananka, while they stare with unbroken attention at the mummy of Ananka herself. As they move on to the next

Another victim of Kharis the Crumbler.

exhibit, Youssef remains at the mummy case. There he prays for forgiveness for allowing the unbelieving heretics to look upon Ananka. After midnight, the night watchman peeks into the room, and, seeing no one there, moves on. Unnoticed, Youssef steps out of the darkness. The drowsy night watchman retires for the night to a small room in the nearby rear of the museum, and he hangs his cap on the hand of a Greek statue. Taking his shoes off, he reclines in his favorite chair to read a mystery novel, and for background music, turns the radio on.

Kharis, outside, gropes to the delivery entrance of the museum, banging on the metallic door, but in vain.

The night watchman is confronted by a mystery announcer instead of music, and the unknowingly prophetic man declares in somber tones:

"This is the hour of death! The forces of evil stand at the threshold . . . A man will die tonight!"

Kharis manages to force his entrance into the museum and he limps to the chamber where Ananka lies. There, Youssef is burning two urns of incense at the head and foot of her mummy case.

"The hour of fulfillment is here. Behold Ananka, the princess of your forbidden love!"

Youssef gestures toward the hideous mummy lying lifelessly in the case and Kharis gently touches the wrappings about her deathly face.

At that same instant, Amina awakens from a sound sleep and screams hysterically. Her housekeeper, Mrs. Drake, rushes in to try to calm her.

Kharis sees the magnificent ugliness of his bride, and the structure beneath the wrappings of Ananka crumble into thin air. Angered, he hurls the case upon its side, and Youssef offers no hindrance to Kharis' actions, for he too knows that Ananka's spirit has moved to another body.

"Our old mission will be fulfilled," he promises Kharis.

The sound of Kharis destructive spell has meanwhile brought the night watchman forward, armed with a loaded pistol. Finding only Youssef, he orders him to back away, but Youssef stands immobile, a wicked smile confidently spread across his lips. As the watchman approaches Youssef, the reason for his confidence makes itself known —Kharis moves from the shadows, attacking the old man, who is almost instantly slain. The watchman falls limply to the floor and Youssef leads Kharis away.

Chapter 7
"To Capture Kharis"

At her home, Amina is weeping and babbling about a strange feeling she had been struck by, and Mrs. Drake comforts her.

"I could feel his hands touching me," she cries, telling of her sensing someone touching her face.

Mrs. Drake tells her that it was only a nightmare.

The following morning Tom goes to Sheriff Elwood, begging him to let Amina go free, but he flatly refuses, saying she is still a suspect—altho the Mummy has been declared the murderer.

"Just to make things a little more involved," he tells Tom, a man was murdered in the Scripps Museum last night."

A police investigator is called in to diagnose the murder, and this man, the Inspector, begins to question Dr. Hyatt, the curator of the Egyptian section. He inquires if there were anything else that occurred out of the ordinary, and Hyatt tells him in reply that the mummy of Ananka has vanished in a remarkable manner—*the body was stolen from inside the wrappings, which were untouched!* The Inspector sees an inscription on the side of the overturned case and asks Hyatt to decipher it. He obliges:

Another sip of what makes the Mummy flip.

Kharis the Accursed —he holds a 3000-year record for being one of the greatest Rotters the world has ever known.

"Herein rests, and must forever rest, the Princess Ananka, third daughter of Amenophis."

Continuing, he reads a passage indirectly mentioning reincarnation, and the Inspector decides to go to Mapleton to recheck the Norman murder. He requests that Hyatt accompany him to facilitate translation if necessary.

Soon the Inspector, Hyatt & the Sheriff and his men are gathered in Norman's home to examine the Mad Mummy Murder Mystery, and they question everyone. The Sheriff forms a plan to trap Kharis should he return—a pit would be dug in the floor, in Kharis' probable path, and they would summon him with tana leaves. Coming for the lifegiving fluid, he would fall into the pit and be trapped. But how to summon Kharis remains a mystery.

At his fiancee's home, Tom talks to Amina, asking her to go with him to his house, away from the Mummy, but she is reluctant to break the Sheriff's orders.

"My family is busy getting out the heirloom jewels for the bride," he tells her, cryptically proposing.

She recognizes this and chatters, "Bride? Oh, no!"

She refuses to endanger Tom by marrying him but is finally persuaded. Suddenly Mrs. Drake appears and tells Amina it is time to go to bed. Tom departs, leaving Peanuts with Amina to act as a watchdog.

Later that night, Youssef & Kharis are in the abandoned shack near the swamp edge, and Youssef is attempting to find the whereabouts of Ananka's spirit, while Kharis stands by anxiously. Everything done unsuccessfully, Youssef resorts to prayer:

"Show me her dwelling place, O Amon-Ra. Shed your light upon the darkness of my groping. Hear my prayer."

Instantly, the shutter of the window is opened by an unseen force, for there is no wind, and a mystic moonbeam is focussed on the medallion of Youssef. He realizes its implications and dispatches Kharis again.

"By the light of the sign you will know her," he says. "Go."

Meanwhile, the Sheriff and the Inspector are questioning Ellen about her husband, and they ask her where he was sitting the fateful night. She points out the seat and Hyatt is told to sit there. As the interrogation continues, she is asked about the tana leaves.

"He was excited about something," she recalls. "I think it was something about nine'."

"Nine!" Hyatt jubilantly exclaims. "Nine tana leaves, that's what he meant!"

The Sheriff sends Ellen away and Hyatt places 9 crumbling tana leaves in the boiling urn, planning to summon Kharis into their trap.

Chapter 8
"Amina Abducted"

In the forest far away, Kharis seems to sense the aroma, and he turns, limping toward the house. In Amina's room nearby, Peanuts whimpers, and Amina herself awakens, rising hypnotically. She goes out the door to the patio and sees Kharis nearing her. She immediately faints and he bends awkwardly down beside her. Peanuts is barking helplessly as Kharis carries Amina away. Passing near his home, Kharis & Ananka-Amina are sighted by a man, who promptly calls Tom on the telephone. Tom is awakened by the call and when he hears of Amina's abduction he swiftly leaps up, instructing the caller to summon the police also.

The Sheriff is giving instructions to his men about the ten-foot pit, and he dismisses them to their outside posts. The Inspector, however, stops him, contending that all of the men are needed at the pit to catch the maddened mummy. The Sheriff accedes to his wishes.

Kharis is carrying Amina across a wooden bridge and he turns off the side, going down a swampside path. Peanuts chases him, barking angrily, and far behind, Tom is following Peanuts, through the high brush and weeds.

Mrs. Drake, having learned of Amina's kidnapping, becomes hysterical and rushes wildly to Norman's home, where she almost dashes into the pit made for Kharis, but the Sheriff stops her in time. They take her inside to calm her and to hear her story.

Tom races across the bridge. He catches up with Peanuts, who obediently guides him in Kharis' tracks. He follows the dog in earnest pursuit.

Kharis reaches the shack, carrying Amina inside, and he sets her upon a table in the middle of the room. Near the door, Youssef stands, looking on enviously as the beautiful raven-haired lovely—Kharis' bride—lies unconscious.

Kharis prepares to take Amina-Ananka back to the tombs of Egypt.

"And the sign, Ananka," Youssef says, pointing to the scarab-birthmark of Ananka. "She's beautiful, Kharis—as she was centuries ago. The will of Amon-Ra has been done."

Mrs. Drake tells the Sheriff her tale and they race after Kharis, who has long since gone.

Presently, Amina awakens and, looking around, she sees the face of Kharis. Gasping at the sight, she asks where she is and why she is there. Youssef tells her that she is the Princess Ananka, but she confesses she knows nothing of any such person.

"Centuries ago, you died an accursed death," he says.

"No!" she says.

Tom nears the shack while the Sheriff's men are yet far behind him in pursuit.

Chapter 9
"Life Everlasting"

Youssef fills a hypodermic needle with tana fluid for embalming and straps Amina to the table. As he is about to inject the serum into her veins, he hesitates. A tiny, whispering voice inside his head warns him not to do it, but to keep Amina for himself. It almost convinces him, but he remembers that it was his sacred pledge.

"*O Mighty Isis,*" he mumbles, "*protect me in this hour of temptation.*"

Youssef hears the voice again, and it tells him to use tana leaves on Amina to make her immortal, instead of embalming her in horrible wrapping. He surrenders to temptation and unties her, lifting a cup of tana liquid to her lips.

"Here in this cup is my gift of life to you," he tells her. "I will make you immortal. We will not return to Egypt."

Kharis overhears Youssef's treachery, and his ashen face becomes aglow with anger. He slowly moves toward Youssef.

"Has any other man offered the gift of eternal life to his bride?" he asks her proudly.

Kharis suddenly strikes the cup from Youssef's hands and he flees in terror from Kharis. Vainly, Youssef tries to convince Kharis that they will return to Egypt, but Kharis knows the truth. Kharis pursues him, seizing him, and Youssef is hurled to the ground below—and his death.

The Mummy gazes at his long lost bride—lost for a few centuries!

Chapter 10
"The Will of the Gods"

As Youssef's body strikes the ground, it falls before Tom, who rushes to the shack. There he is confronted by Kharis, and a battle between the two begins. Tom seizes an ax, swinging it at his would-be murderer, but in vain. Kharis strikes him, knocking him backwards into unconcsiousness. Peanuts runs to Tom.

Kharis ascends the ramp to the shack and lifts Amina up in his arms. Her hair has turned gray in the brief interval! He carries her out the back, down a series of ladders, and the Sheriff and his men arrive at last. They rush into the shack, which they find abandoned, except for Egyptian pottery.

"Looks like somebody else has been messing around with tana leaves," someone says.

"And not so long ago."

Kharis carries Amina thru a nearby field, and Tom revives. Peanuts begins to bark and renews his pursuit of Kharis, and they all follow him. Rushing through the swampside reeds, Tom sees Kharis limping away, Amina in his arms. As she is carried onward, Amina is slowly being transformed—her hair turns white, her hands & feet wrinkle & shrivel. Tom and the others carry on the chase to the banks of a swampy pool where they look on helplessly. Kharis steps into the water, wading slowly up to waist-level, and Tom attempts to follow.

"*You can't go in that swamp!*" the Sheriff shouts. "*It's certain death!*"

And Tom steps into the water, when he sees the face of his sweetheart—beak nose, wrinkled skin, warts, the complete appearance of a woman 200 years old! Kharis sinks under the mud and the water bubbles over their heads.

Tom sadly leaves with the others, going silently, and Peanuts surveys the quicksand grave of Amina & Kharis.

The warning of the High Priest to Youssef echoes, unheard, through the sky:

"*The fate of those who disobey the will of the gods shall be a cruel and violent death.*"

The last bubbles rise no more.

* * *

THE CAST

LON CHANEY as Kharis, the Living Mummy
JOHN CARRADINE as Youssef Bey, High Priest of Arkhin
GEORGE ZUCCO as The High Priest before Youssef
Frank Reicher as Prof. Norman, Egyptologist
Ramsay Ames as Amina-Ananka Mansori

A Universal picture of course.
Released in 1944.

END

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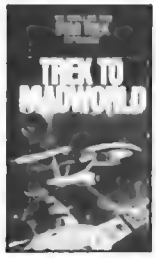

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No Klingon girl scouts will try to sell you cookies when you display this magnificent 22 x 34" poster on your door! One side features the Enterprise in full color; the other side is a 3-D lithograph! 3-D glasses are included! POSTER#29038/$5.00

DR. MR. JEKYLL & HYDE

"They" have been Horrifying & Haunting Audiences since 1887!

the terrifying transformation

IT was the night of the 9th of May, 78 long years ago. In Boston playgoers (for motion pictures were not yet the world's best entertainment) were shocked & thrilled when, before their very eyes on stage, the great actor Richard Mansfield turned from man into monster. Mansfield later recorded a vivid description of his thoughts & emotions on that memorable occasion. He wrote:

That night in the third act where, as Jekyll, I grasped the potion, swallowed it, writhed in the awful agony of transformation and rose pale & erect, the visualized embodiment of Hyde—an ague of apprehension seized me and I suffered a lifetime in the silence in which the curtain fell. In another instant I realized that silence was a tribute of awe & terror, inspired by the reality of the scene, for thru the canvas screen came a muffled roar which was the sweetest sound I ever heard in my life, and I breathed again.

Harry Behnham as Hyde of half a century ago.

Mansfield continued to play Jekyll & Hyde off & on for 20 years, becoming as familiar in the eerie role to an earlier generation of horror fans as Bela Lugosi was to a later countryful of DRACULA addicts.

Countless dramatic versions of J&H have been presented thru the years, in opera houses, tent shows, airdomes & the greatest legitimate theaters of the country. It has even been adapted as a brief thrill-skit for vaudeville.

On 12 Sept. 1887, Mansfield staged it at the Madison Square Theater in NYC.

rival monsters

In St. Louis a producer named Oscar Dane wrote

his own version of *Jekyll & Hyde* and it frightened audiences for many seasons in towns large & small in central Missouri. Dane, with a keen eye for publicity, while touring the more backward and gullible portions of the state, advertised that his Mr. Hyde "must be kept chained in a box car en route & in the theater".

Mansfield's only real rival with the character was a German-American actor named Daniel Bandmann. A critic of the time gave the opinion that Mansfield's interpretation was "weird", Bandmann's "grotesque".

In 1888, Mansfield's fame as the unwitting fiend had spread across the ocean and he was invited to England to enact his bloodcurdling role. Suddenly an announcement came from London that the rival, Bandmann, would open in his own version a month earlier! Mansfield, distressed by the idea that Bandmann might appear first as Jekyll & Hyde and steal his thunder, rushed to London in order to prevent Bandmann from becoming the Badman first.

Mansfield rehearsed his cast nite & day in order to open on 4 Aug. 1888, 2 days before Bandmann. Suddenly, from an unexpected quarter, on July 26th a Howard Pool, actor-manager of several minor theaters, gave a dramatic version of the Stevenson story in an outlying district a scant 10 miles from London! Mansfield was mortified but the author, Stevenson himself, came to his rescue and declared only Mansfield's version was "the real McCoy."

Mansfield appeared on the 4th of August as scheduled and the critics were unanimous in their approval. "Weird", "somber", "saturnine", "mystical" were among the spooky adjectives they applied to the play. "On the plane of the fantastic & macabre," they wrote, "there has been nothing in the experience of living theatergoers compared to it."

Two nites later Bandmann presented his unauthorized version. But it only proved that evil does not pay, for it flopped.

Mansfield continued to enact the role he had originated up to within a few months of his death in 1907.

Fredric March in 2 stages of the transformation. Note in picture at top that he is not yet as shaggy as in bottom photo, where it is also noticeable that his teeth have lengthened.

captured on celluloid

In 1908, for the firstime that we have record of, the famous horror story was recorded on film. It was a silent short made in the USA. Two years later the Danes made another version, short and, of course, still silent. A complete history of the JEKYLL & HYDE pictures appears at the end of this article so we won't list them all here.

(Ed. note: omitted here, but see FM#34.)

In 1920 it was simultaneously filmed in both Germany & America. The foreign version was called DER JANUSKOPF or JANUS-FACED, meaning double-faced, as Janus was a mythical god of the Romans, who believed that he had a face on the back of his head as well as the front. The Jekyll-Hyde character in this production was played by Conrad Veidt, already famous for his characterization as the sleepwalking kidnapper & killer in THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, and a young actor from Transylvania who had previously frightened audiences in THE NECK-

"I am going to tell you my secret . . . so horrible that no one can share it with me and live."

LACE OF DEATH. Oh, yes, his name was Bela Lugosi.

The American version starred "the great profile", the man who, when photographed from left or right, was incredibly handsome: John Barrymore. The fact that he was so good-looking made his transformation all the more terrifying when he assumed the personality of the vile Mr. Hyde. However, altho Barrymore did employ a certain amount of make-up, building up his head to a balding pyramid-like peak, darkening his skin & lengthening his fingers, he accomplished the major portion of the transformation from good self to bad by the power of his acting alone. By today's standards, when seen revived on TV on a program like "Silents, Please!", the Barrymore performance sometimes strikes a note of humor in some viewers as he seems to hop about the screen like a frog on a hot tin skillet but his skill was sufficient unto the day to turn spectators of the 20 s gray with fear & trembling.

the ghoulden statue

Then came the first talkie version and the performance that won a gleaming golden Oscar for Fredric March for his Academy Award role of 1932. Over 30 years before THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO, March developed 7 distinct character types for his portrayal of the dual-personality. These varied make-ups were necessary in order to show the disintegration of the kindly Dr. Jekyll into the hideous incarnation of his evil inner self.

Hyde, when he first appeared in the 1932 version, was not fully developed to the ultimate of his bad side. As he slowly gained more freedom and descended deeper & deeper into an abandoned life of crime & wickedness, he changed visibly for the worse.

It took 5 hours to apply the make-up showing March at his worst.

Who can blame her for fainting—after seeing the horrible Mr. Hyde at the window!

Chapt. 1
"Can A Man, Dying of Thirst, Forget Water?"

Dr. Henry Jekyll (pronounced *Gee*-kill) believes man's evil nature can be driven from his body by medical means. Absorption with his work keeps him from his fiancee, Muriel Carew (Rose Hobart), but she is ever in his thoughts.

Chapt. 2
The Amazing Theory

"London is so full of fog," Dr. Jekyll tells a scientific assembly, "that it has penetrated our brains, set boundaries for our vision. As men of science we should be curious & bold enough to peer beyond it into the many wonders it conceals. My analysis of the human psyche leads me to believe that man is not truly one . . . but truly *two*." He astounds his listeners by declaring his belief that the day may not be far distant when chemical separation of 2 selves will be possible and evil will vanish.

Chapt. 3
The Prisoner in the Body

The great experiment!

Locking his laboratory door, Dr. Jekyll excitedly creates the solution to free him from evil. His mixture bubbles, fumes, smokes, changes colors, goes totally black and finally becomes transparent.

He drinks the elixir.

Chapt. 4
Released!

A mad montage of faces & places whirls thru his brain; a barrage of voices assaults his ears.

And he gazes in horror into a mirror to see reflected there the hideous, ugly, awful sneering face of his alter-ego, the man to become known as Mr. Hyde.

Hyde attacks his friend Lanyan. (He survived, was later seen in MARK OF THE VAMPIRE.)

Chapt. 5
Horror in the Night

Grabbing a cape & hat, this human monster scurries out into the dark streets of gaslit London, hunched of body, eyes watery & sunken & red-rimmed, teeth blackened & protruding, hair a bushy mat, fingernails long & claw-like on hands turned brown & hairy.

A coarse, gross, brutish creature!

He seeks out Ivy Parson (Miriam Hopkins), a dance hall girl whom he had doctored earlier.

Chapt. 6
The Power of Evil

He is alarmed to find that, once begun, the transformations cannot be controlled: they now over-

power him *without* the drugs.

As Hyde, he haunts Ivy. She, not knowing he is one & the same person, comes to him as Dr. Jekyll to tell of her nocturnal terror. Later Hyde confronts her with the knowledge of her confession.

Chapt. 7
"You Must be the Devil!"

Ivy's eyes start from her head when Hyde tells her what he knows. "Impossible!" she cries: "I was *alone* with the doctor!" Hyde laughs. "I am going to tell you my secret," he growls, "a secret so great that those who know it cannot share it with me . . . and live." Afterwards he strangles her.

Chapt. 8
Maniacal Murder

Tortured by his secret, Dr. Jekyll goes to his fiancee to break his engagement. The horrible Hyde personality overwhelms him and when Muriel shrieks in terror and her father rushes to her rescue, Jekyll kills the old man with a cane, then flees.

Chapt. 9
Unholy Suspicion

Jekyll's best friend, Dr. Lanyon (Holmes Herbert), has begun to suspect something wrong and now confronts Jekyll in his study. His dread surmise is confirmed before his very eyes. But Mr. Hyde drinks the antidote and is once again Dr. Jekyll by the time the police arrive.

Chapt. 10
The End of Evil

A spasm seizes Jekyll. His face contorts, changes, he is once again the horrible Hyde. He grabs a knife and springs at Lanyan—when a pistol shot rings out. The bullet finds its mark . . . and kills *two* men in one.

In death the good side asserts itself and the body becomes that of Dr. Jekyll, who dreamed to benefit all mankind, only to have it turn into a nightmare. But the road to progress & perfection is paved with many brave lives.

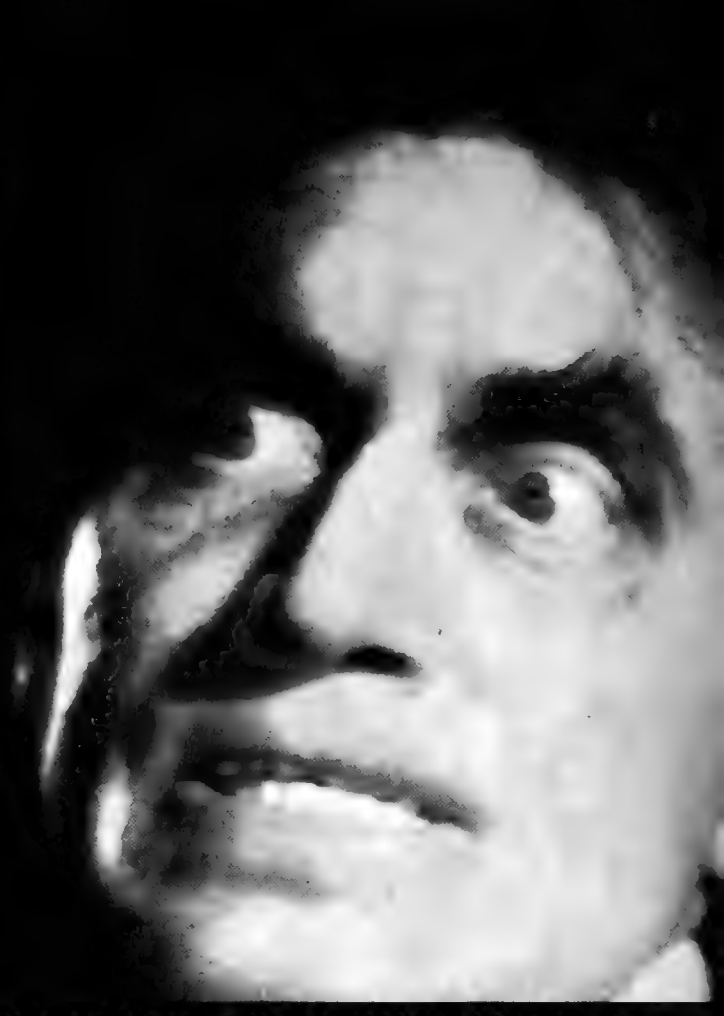
hidden Hyde facts

The author, Robert Louis Stevenson, literally *dreamed* the story. His wife described the occasion: "In the small hours of one morning I was awakened by cries of horror from Louis. Thinking he had a nightmare, I awakened him. He said angrily, 'Why did you wake me up? I was dreaming a bogey tale.'" After his dream, he wrote the story at red heat, just as it had come to him in his sleep.

A nephew of the author, also named R. L. Stevenson, played a small supporting role in the picture.

Fredric March appeared in 110 scenes as Jekyll, 108 as Hyde. He delivered 216 speeches as Jekyll to 81 as Hyde but the latter were more difficult in proportion since he had to disguise his voice.

END



Spencer Tracy in the psychological horror version of 1941 done by MGM.

Hyde menaces Miriam Hopkins in 1932 edition.

THE PHANTOM STRIKES AGAIN!

Re-told for the untold thousands who have begged for the story of the greatest horror film of the silent era: THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA! the masterpiece of the madman monster, starring LON CHANEY SR.

Statement from the Author:

The Phantom of the Paris Opera really existed!

This ghost was not, as was long believed, a creature of the imagination of the artists, the superstition of the managers or a product of the brains of the ballet dancers or the box-keepers or anybody else connected with the Opera.

Yes, he existed in flesh and blood, although he assumed the complete appearance of a real phantom; that is to say, of a spectral shade.

—Gaston Leroux

It all began around 1880.

The $10 million Opera House in Paris seated 2100 people. Its 2351 doors had 7593 keys, and beneath the streets the Opera extended five stories deep: cellars, vaults, underground labyrinths, and in the lowest of the cellars, where long-forgotten dungeons and torture chambers stood, was an artificial lake.

In the dark and mysterious regions of the Opera dwelt—the Phantom!

the creature of the catacombs

Simon Buquet, the chief scene-shifter of the Opera, once glimpsed the Phantom, and described him in these words:

"Extraordinarily thin, his dress-coat hung on a skeleton frame. Eyes so deep that one could hardly see the fixed pupils . . . just two big black holes, as in a deadman's skull. His skin, stretched across his bones like a

Overcome with grief that his horrible face has been exposed, the Phantom throws himself back from the organ in despair.

Strangler's rope, death noose of Phantom Erik the uncanny.

drumhead, not white but a nasty yellow. His nose so little worth talking about that it couldn't be seen side-faced; and *the absence* of that nose was a horrible thing *to look at*. All the hair there was, was three or four long dark locks on his forehead and behind his ears."

With such a horror lurking somewhere in the Opera, it takes only a shadow backstage to throw the performers into pandemonium. And when the Opera's star female singer receives a note signed *The Phantom*, she dares not disobey it and pretends illness so that the Phantom's favorite, Christine, can sing instead.

But Carlotta (the star) is jealous of her position as leading female voice, and when she receives a second order to miss a performance, she defies the Phantom.

the phantom's vengeance

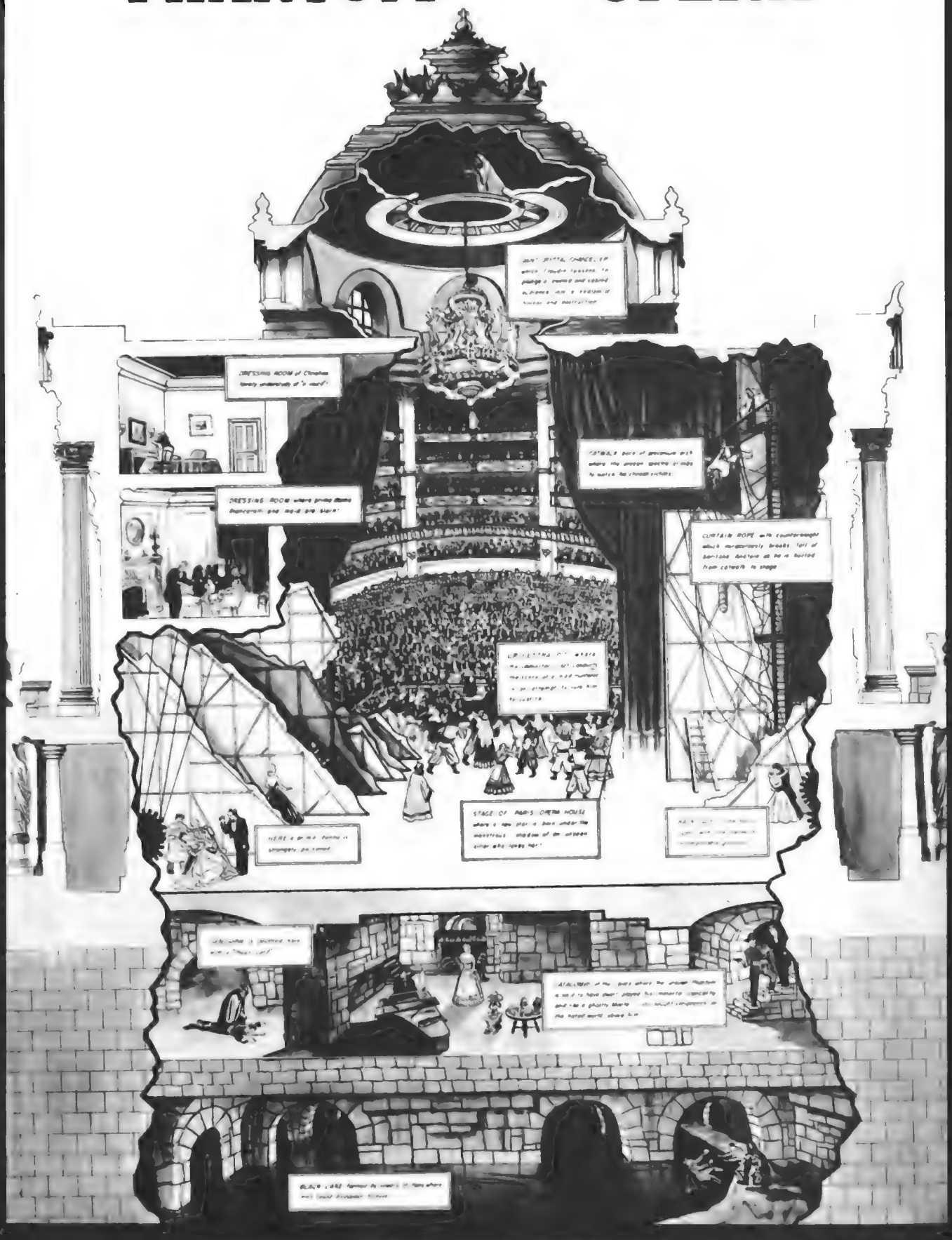
At the height of Carlotta's performance the Phantom demonstrates his power. The house lights dim, then flash on and off erratically. A hollow booming voice is heard echoing and reverberating throughout the auditorium. "BEWARE!" it cries; "SHE IS SINGING TO BRING DOWN THE CHANDELIER!" And the audience screams and panics as the huge glass fixture in the ceiling begins to sway back and forth like a pendulum.

Suddenly, the chandelier breaks loose!

It crashes in the very middle of the packed theater!

People are pinned beneath it like butter-

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA



A UNIVERSAL PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR

The Cabinet of Death! Which will she choose—the scorpion or the grass-hopper?

flies, their arms and legs waving, their cries of pain filling the auditorium.

And in her dressingroom, Christine hears a mysterious voice speak to her from behind her mirror. "I have come for you," it says.

thru the looking-glass

The mirror is actually a secret door to the Phantom's passageways. It opens and, as though in a trance, Christine passes through. In the darkness on the other side stands the Phantom, his face hidden by a mask. He hypnotizes Christine and bids her come with him.

Down a long flight of dusty wooden stairs Christine follows her mysterious master. At last they come to a great black horse. The Phantom places Christine astride the animal, and leads it down, down, down through the twisting caverns beneath the Opera House until they come to the underground lake. There, in a small boat, the Phantom (whose name is Erik) paddles across the black waters to his hidden lair.

Alone in the private world of Erik, Christine is shown the coffin in which he sleeps. "It reminds me of that other dreamless sleep that cures all ills forever," he tells her, speaking of death. He plays the organ for her. His music is so beautiful that Christine cannot resist the temptation of seeing the face that she imagines must be so handsome, and so she slips up behind Erik and flips off his mask.

And Christine gazes on the naked face of horror!

"Horror! . . . Horror! . . . Horror!" in her own words.

"Become my wife and save your lover's life; make the wrong choice, and we all die!"

"If I lived to be a hundred, I should always hear the superhuman cry of grief and rage he uttered when the terrible sight appeared before my eyes. You have seen death's heads, when they have been dried and withered by the centuries? But such death's heads were motionless and their dumb horror was not alive. But imagine, if you can, the Mask of the Red Death suddenly coming to life in order to express, with the four black holes of its eyes, its nose and its mouth, the extreme anger, the mighty fury of a demon; *and not a ray of light from the sockets*, for, as I learned later, you cannot see his blazing eyes except in the dark.

"I fell back against the wall and he came up to me, grinding his teeth; and as I fell upon my knees he hissed mad incoherent words and curses at me."

Leaning over Christine, who is prostrate with terror, Erik cries: "Look! You want to see? See! Feast your eyes, glut your soul on my cursed ugliness! Know that I am built up of death from head to foot and that it is a corpse that loves you and adores you and will never never leave you!"

The hypnotized Christine, robbed of her will, is carried to his lair by Erik.

Victim of the PHANTOM fiend, backstage at the Paris Opera House.

The Phantom then sends the weeping Christine back upstairs, but warns her to stay away from Raoul, a young man who loves her.

the phantom furious

Sometime later, at a Masked Ball, Christine and Raoul are together when a spectral figure robed in red appears. No one suspects that it is the evil Phantom in a disguise *almost* as frightening as he himself. Erik's emotions erupt when he sees his beloved with the handsome Raoul, and he climbs high atop the Opera to brood and plot vengeance. Even the stone gargoyles, the hideous figures which decorate the balcony atop the Opera, seem to shudder at the dark thoughts passing through the mind of the Phantom.

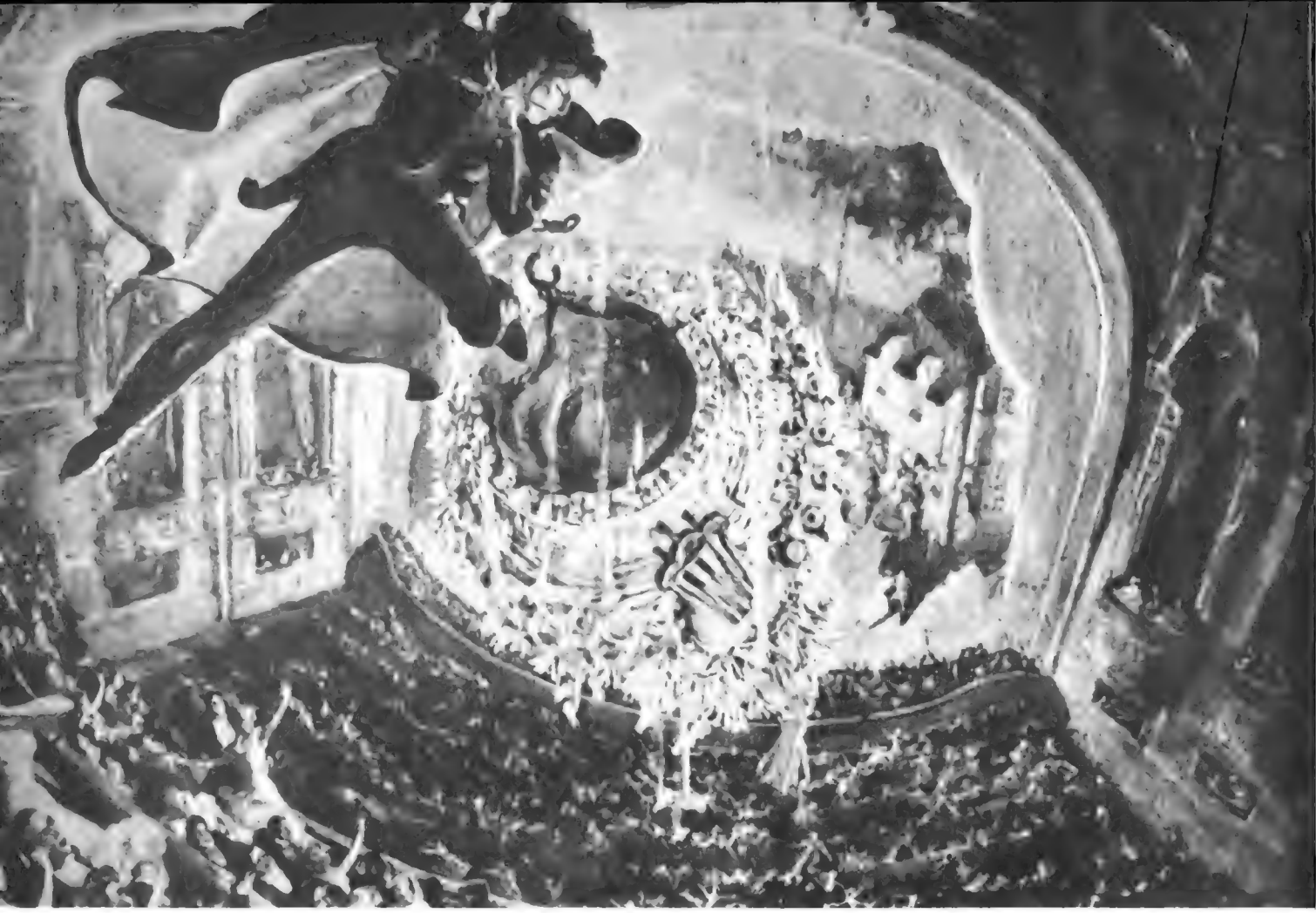
Not long afterwards, during a performance, Erik kidnaps Christine.

Ledoux of the Secret French Police discovers the entrance to the Phantom's dungeon, and he and Raoul venture through Christine's mirror-door into the unknown. Ledoux informs Raoul that they have learned that the man they are seeking was born during the Boulevard Massacre, is a self-educated musician and Master of Black Art; and that after having been declared criminally insane and exiled to Devil's Island, he escaped.

Christine is in the hands of a dangerous lunatic!

life or death

As Ledoux and Raoul proceed cautiously, they fall through a trapdoor into an ancient torture chamber! Erik can control it from afar, and he now turns on intense heat. The room is walled with mirrors, and waves of



An artist's rendering of the famous scene showing the Phantom as he loosens chandelier upon audience.

heat reflect from every angle. They are about to roast alive when they discover a secret door and break through to a room below.

Meanwhile, Erik has offered Christine a choice: she may become his bride—or watch her lover die! The decision is hers; if she turns an artificial scorpion in a chest, Raoul will be spared but she must marry the Phantom. If she turns a metal grasshopper, the Opera House will be blown up!

She turns the scorpion.

Instead of releasing Raoul, the mechanism causes the room that he and Ledoux are in to be flooded! As Christine sees the waters rising 'round their heads, she throws herself on the Phantom's mercy.

At the last moment Erik relents, opens a trap door in the floor, and Ledoux and Raoul float to safety.

But by now the entire Opera is aroused, and crowds have formed to find the Phantom and destroy him.

Mobs storm the caverns.

When they are almost upon him, Erik escapes by walking *under* water, breathing through his mouth through a small tube which moves unnoticed through the underground lake.

Above ground, Erik flees to a carriage. But he is recognized, and as he drives madly away, the crowd follows in wild pursuit.

Suddenly, Erik finds himself at the waterfront. He cannot turn back; he is cut off by the canal. He reins his horse to a halt, turns toward the angry mob, flings up his closed fist as though he had a hand-grenade in it, and holds the crowd at bay for one heart-pounding moment.

Then, in a gesture of supreme disdain, the Phantom slowly opens his hand to show it—empty.

The mad mob falls upon the madman and destroys him.

Erik is no more. The Phantom has passed into legend.

END

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK ACTION PLAYSETS FROM THE MOVIE

WELL OF SOULS PLAYSET

Relive the mystery and terror of the final moments before Indiana Jones and Marion Ravenwood find the Ark of the Covenant! Playset includes break-through wall with corpses on one side, ancient hieroglyphics on the other; a hook, a rope and two torches to aid in their escape; a mummy and 12 snakes to prevent it; and poles to help them carry the beautifully detailed, vacuum-metalized Ark from the altar! Action figures not included. #26344—$14.90

MAP ROOM Includes poseable Indiana Jones figure in Arab disguise, fast-draw action arm, fabric rope, gun and shoulder bag, molded map room floor, Staff of Ra, see-through medallion, tripod and transit, rope and hook, pick, book! All you need to reenact the stirring map room scene from the movie! #26343/$9.90

DESERT CHASE This smaller-scale playset is a huge desert scene, including Indy on horseback chasing the truck caravan, exterior of the Well of Souls, Nazi airplane, railroad tracks, oil tanks, hills, foliage, many figures, and much more! Enough to recreate most of the movie...but why stop there? #24265/$10.75

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS MODEL KITS!

ORC WAR ACTION SCENE A team of adventurers assault the evil Warlock's castle! Almost 30 figures including dwarf warriors, witch, Orcs, monsters! Preformed 12 x 18" base includes castle foundation, moat, mountains, battlefield! Combine with Dungeon Invaders to form huge scene! #24261/$10.75

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ALIEN ATTACK

GALACTIC WARS ACTION PLAY SET

COMPLETE WITH OVER 50 EXCITING PLAY PIECES, INCLUDING:

- Space Station with retractable ladder & removable dome
- 10 Aliens
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- Action Diorama
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There's no limit to the adventures you can have with this bargain-priced playset ...except your imagination itself! The colorful diorama background and plastic mountains will make you think you're actually on the surface of another planet as you stage thrilling land and air battles between the aliens and your space commandos! Huge domed space station, easily assembled! Many action figures and flying vehicles with working wheels! Many hours of fun! #26147/$6.75

when wildest dreams came true, at the–

MONSTER MOVIE MARATHON

The Monarch of Skull Island deposits his treasure, Ann Darrow, in the fork of a tree. (Fay Wray & KING KONG.)

100 fantastic films

Just Imagine! KING KONG, WHITE ZOMBIE, 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, BLACK SUNDAY, IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, THE DEVIL'S BRIDE, HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and FORBIDDEN PLANET on one program!

And that just up to Intermission time!

Then continue with METROPOLIS, THINGS TO COME, PLANET OF THE APES, CURSE OF THE DEMON, THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, SON OF KONG, GODZILLA'S REVENGE . . .

Wait! There's more! Or, more properly, *was* more. LOST HORIZON, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE (the Oscar-winning version), PSYCHO, THE RAVEN, HORROR OF DRACULA, Bela Lugosi in MURDER BY TELEVISION; from Hungary: GALACTICA.

Florence (QUEEN OF BLOOD) Marly in SPACE BOY.

The Perry Rhodan picture, MISSION STARDUST.

It all began, appropriately, on your editor's birthday (his 56th: Nov 24th)—and one day after the natal dates of Boris Karloff & his daughter Sara, and Christopher Lee's little girl, Kristina—in Horrorwood, at the world-famous Ambassador (Cocoanut Grove) Hotel.

Forrest J Ackerman, promptly at 10 a.m., made the opening address, which was broadcast that night on radio, and immediately following the keynote speech he was interviewed for a TV newscast.

The words spoken on this historic occasion were approximately as follows.

fiends, rhodans, countrymen...

"Science fiction film fans . . . fantasy film fanciers . . . imagi-movie aficionados . . . serial lovers . . . Trekkies . . . Frid fans . . . Tarzan buffs . . . the animation crowd . . . Lugosi worshippers . . . Lee lovers . . . silent film devotees . . . and something called Perry Rhodan freaks—welcome to the first film convention with commercials. —And now a word from your sponsors: Murine, Visine, Opto-Lav & Super-Eyewash.

"This is the first time that an identification of the groups present has taken up half the speech.

"But seriously . . .

"I haven't traveled very far in space, today, to attend this convention but I've come a long way

Mystery Foto of the Month. The Editor has no idea what this picture is from. Is it black-handed Peter Sellers as DR. STRANGELOVE? Is that Tobor in the background? (If you believe that FJA doesn't know this is from his favorite film—METROPOLIS—you'll believe anything, like King Kong was a man in a monkey suit.)

THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN meets the incredible slinking spider in Richard Matheson's adaptation of his own story for Universal in 1957.

in time. A michron ago, just a split second, I was being waited on by a clerk—I think his name was Herbie Wells—at the Hertz Rent-A-Time-Machine shop in 1932.

"It was 40 years ago when I woke up this morning and it was the Dark Ages compared to today. Our eyes had beheld the wonders of the 21st century as depicted by Fritz Lang in METROPOLIS, we had been treated to the miracles of animation by Willis O'Brien as he brought to life the dinosaur models of Marcel Delgado in THE LOST WORLD, our taste for fantasy had been whetted with the fire-breathing dragon & cloak of invisibility & magic powder of THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, we'd had the wits scared out of us by the Man of a Thousand Faces—Lon Chaney—in THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA & LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT—and there were films already regarded as classics: THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI, THE GOLEM(S), NOSFERATU, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME...

terrors of the talkies

"And the screen had begun to talk...and growl with monsters & crackle with mad labs, as in FRANKENSTEIN, and we heard the distant howl of Transylvanian wolves as Count Dracula said (imitating Lugosi's voice & manner of delivery): *'Listen to them!* Children *of the night! What* music *dey make!'*

"But ahead of us, in 1932, lay KING KONG & THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON & THE INVISIBLE MAN & THE INCREDIBLE SHRINKING MAN, the classic Karloffilms & the prime pictures of Bela Lugosi, the birth of Hammer films, the appearance on the horror horizon of Christopher Lee & Peter Cushing, the Corman/Poe pictures and a wealth of things to come. For the complete list of 25,000 films you will find Walt Lee's monumental publication indispensible (pointing out Mr. Lee in the audience).

"Of course there was no television at that time—1932—and no periodicals devoted to fantasy films. My reference to the year 1932 is not arbitrary—if memory serves me right it was about that time, 40 years ago, that one man of vision attempted to organize a Science Fiction Week and a scientifilm festival. The attempt was not successful, tho I believe one New York movie house did show WOMAN IN THE MOON for a week, perhaps METROPOLIS & THE LOST WORLD as well, the futuristic/prehistoric combination of classics picked for the First World Science Fiction Convention in 1939; but Hugo Gernsback, the Father of Science Fiction, as often happens, was a prophet without honor, a man ahead of his time.

traveler thru time

"I have had to come ahead from that time, from 1932 to 1972, today, for the fruition of a

"I give the orders here!" says Bela "Murder" Lugosi to his reluctant guests surrounded by his WHITE ZOMBIES, 1932.

40-year-old dream.

"For the past 10 years in order to see anything nearly approaching the program offered here this weekend, it has been necessary to travel 7000 miles, as I have done on 3 occasions, the most recent being this past summer, to Trieste, Italy, to their annual Fantascienza Film Festival, a weeklong affair with several retrospective films in the afternoon and a couple of international new ones in the evening.

"But in the 72 hours that lie ahead, looking over the program, it seems to me that we will see more great fantasy films than in all the 10 years of Trieste put together. In a sense, the time machine of which HG Wells dreamed has come true for us here and Gardner Hunting's Vicarion brings back to us in shadows & sounds the genius of George Melies, Tod Browning, James Whale, Fritz Lang, Rouben Mamoulian, Karl Freund, Lon Chaney, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi, Jack Pierce and many more too numerous to mention. We pay tribute & homage to the departed great ones and applaud those living vital forces still among us.

"In closing, I would briefly call to your attention that yesterday, Thanksgiving, would have been Boris Karloff's 55th birthday, had he lived.

"And today, if I live thru it, is my 56th. I couldn't ask for a better birthday present than this fantasy film festival which Bjo & John Trimble have obviously organized exclusively for my benefit, and I welcome you & all the Trimbles' worthy workers to enjoy it with me."

the big parade

Here, in alphabetical order, were *some* of the close to 100 fanta-fright & futuristic films enjoyed by, appropriately, approximately 1300 fans at the First Annual Science Fiction & Fantasy Film Festival:

ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN. Glenn Strange as Mary's Monster, Lon Chaney Jr. as Wolfman Talbot for the 5th time and Bela Lugosi, playing it straight amidst the farcical goings-on, as Count Dracula.

ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL. The 1941 Republic serial with Frank Coghlan (Billy Batson) & Wm. Benedict among the stars present. A memorable cliffhanger about the menace of the power-mad Scorpion vs. the power of *Shazam!*

LA BELLE ET LA BETE. The great French fantasy classic of surrealistic beauty & horror

Ray Bradbury's 3D (Dramatic, Different, Delightful) 1953 film for Universal, IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE.

with Jean Marais as the sympathetic beast.

BLACK SUNDAY. Nufsed! The Italian classic of 1961, based on "The Vij", which introduced beauteous brunet Barbara Steele (now Mrs. Barbara *Poe!)* as a new horror heroine and established Mario Bava as an outstanding director in the genre. (Barbara was most recently seen in a guestint in a *Night Gallery* episode.) Banned in England until just a few years ago, where it was finally released as REVENGE OF THE VAMPIRE, the American audience at the Film Fest realized how blest it was to be able to see again the macabre fantasy so long denied their British brethren.

CURSE OF THE DEMON. Adapted from the short terror tale "Casting the Runes" by MRJames, this is one of your editor's great personal favorites. Most people object to the flame devil in the very beginning of the film but I personally found the ferocious apparition most effective. Even more effective, the realistic performances of Dana Andrews & Niall MacGinnis: modern materialistic man against the evil power of medieval-oriented occult man. A masterpiece of mythology & demonology, with its terrifying touches ot the mysterious parchment, the secret diary, the blasphemous drawings, the not-so-innocent children's game, the conjuring up of the Great Wind. A winner!

DEAD OF NIGHT. A fearjerker if there ever was one, and shown at the convention in its entirety, the usually excised HGWells' episode of "The Inexperienced Ghost" being included for comic relief. I personally love the sequence of the macabre mirror and in particular the chilling tale of the vengeful ventriloquist's dummy with its simulucrum of life, and the hair-raising montaged climax. An authentic masterpiece of horr or.

all thru the nite

DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE—the 98-minute long 1932 Fredric March version with amazing Wally Westmore make-up and magnificent Rouben Mamoulian direction. An added treat was Mr. Mamoulian's physical presence during the showing of this exciting version, best of over a quarter hundred. With each metamorphosis, Hyde became increasingly revolting & animalistic until finally he was a hideous monstrosity to be compared in the same breath with Atwill's disfigured waxwork proprietor of THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM.

Menace among the Morlocks in the unimaginably distant future reachable only by the imagination of HGWells and THE TIME MACHINE guided by Geo. Pal.

FORBIDDEN PLANET. Again present at the festival were two persons responsible in considerable measure for the success of the 1956 MGM cosmic opera: Bebe & Louis Barron, innovators of the electronic tonalities. FORBIDDEN PLANET made Robby the robot a household word and in the electrifying monster from the Id presented a visualized Freudian concept from the dark shadows of the mind that would give even Jonathan Frid a fright.

GODZILLA'S REVENGE. Minilla, son of Godzilla, follows in his father's footsteps. But Godzilla has mellowed in the 2 decades since he first decimated Tokyo and REVENGE bears about as much relationship to the original as SON OF KONG did to the KING.

THE HAUNTED PALACE. Vincent Price & Lon Chaney Jr. in the late Charles Beaumont's liberal adaptation of the late HPLovecraft's "Case of Charles Dexter Ward" and the even later Edgar Allan Poe's poem "The Haunted Palace". In the New England town of Arkham strange things happen when the interdimensional gates between Earth and the domain of the evil Old Ones are opened. There is one micro-second shot of a globslopulous creature from "beyond" that we would like to show in **FM** if anyone can provide us with a frame of same.

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. Ray Bradbury in 3D. Can it be that 20 years have fled since Bill Nolan & I, acting on a hot tip from the author, staked out our cars across from Universal Studios and chased a hot bus (containing Bradbury) clear out to a neighboring city, where I then ran to a phone and informed Ray Harryhausen that the sneak preview was taking place almost under his nose and we all wound up sitting in practically the last seats in the house, which suited the myopic Mr. Bradbury fine anyway as they were the front row? Ray told me that night that "approximately 85% of my screen treatment 'The Meteor' has reached the screen." Bud Westmore was responsible for the *xenomorph*, an effective alien if I ever saw one, ovoid, monoptic & angel-haired. Richard Carlson, who actually has been a sci-fi fan since the

For a change, a hunchback named Daniel (not Fritz or Ygor), played by J. Carrol Naish in HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (Universal).

The horror that emerged from the Earth on that fatal BLACK SUNDAY in 1961.

Gernsback era when it was known as stf, was the put upon protagonist who has also had other sf & horror involvements in THE MAGNETIC MONSTER, THE MAZE & VALLEY OF GWANGI, and Barbara Rush never looked lovlier—unless it was in the film before & the film after.

KING KONG. What can you add? A thrill to have Willis O'Brien's widow present and Marcel Delgado as well when the will of the majority was made known and KONG deservedly received the top theatrical fantasy award, winning the first Georges Melies scroll in that category.

two kinds of living dead

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE and the Undead, Bela Lugosi & his protegee Carol (now Carroll) Borland; and METROPOLIS and the better off dead, the downtrodden, doomed, dead-tired underground workers under the domination of Joh Fredersen, the master of the 21st century's super city of 60 million. *Rotwang*—the canniest (and uncanniest) mad scientist of them all. *Maria*—the ethereal one. *Freder*—the son with a heart for humanity, who defies Moloch, Mammon & all the materialistic gods of his father the superfinancial genius. And *U*ltima *F*utura *A*utomaton—glistening, graceful, glorious being of some unknown metal, the most exotic, erotic robot the world has ever known. All combined in the cinemasterpiece of Austrian auteur, director Fritz Lang (who celebrated his 82nd birthday at home in Hollywood on Dec. 5). METROPOLIS—the futuria fantasia for all time and MARK OF THE VAMPIRE combining the talents not only of Lugosi & Borland but Lionel Barrymore & Lionel Atwill & Jean Hersholt, with Tod "Dracula" Browning directing and James Wong Howe, Oscar winner, behind the camera. Screenplay by Guy Endore. And, Bill Tuttle tells me, one of the first pictures he ever worked on as a make-up artist.

MISSION STARDUST. The Perry Rhodan picture! Over a million copies of this 26-million word long space novel have been sold thruout the world and more than 20 of his translated adventures have been published in pocketbook form in English, translated in fact by **FM's** well-remembered author of *Rocket to the Rue Morgue* and edited by FJA, with a regular Ackerman feature on imagi-movies, *Scientifilm World*. "The only attempt to date to bring the incredibly popular Perry Rhodan novels to the screen," said one conventiongoer of the film, adding: "The special effects are imaginative."

vampires in stalking feet

It was a real treat to see THE NIGHT STALKER, all 75 breathtaking minutes of it, blown up from the conventional TV tube to motion picture size. The horror "find", Barry At-

Good Guy Dr. Jekyll (in top hat) and his evil side, Mr. Hyde (with hippy hairdo & disastrous dentures), in the Stanley Mamoulian/Rouben Kubrick production of DR. STRANGELOVE & MR. HATEMORE (just to make sure you're awake & paying attention).

water, found enthusiastic acceptance among the fans, who all but mobbed him on his personal appearances and applauded loud & long when THE NIGHT STALKER was picked over *Pickman's Model, Nightmare at 20,000 Feet* & *The Howling Man* (Night Gallery & Twilight Zone episodes respectively) as Melies Award recipient #1 in the Horror Television division. Also present to share in the Vampire-in-Vegas story's hour of glory were its original book author Jeff Rice, adapter Richard Matheson & producer Dan *(Dark Shadows)* Curtis.

NOSFERATU. Subtitled *A Symphony of Terror* and sometimes referred to as *Terror of Dracula*. The silent German version of 1922 featuring the gaunt haunt, Max Schreck, who was surely not of this world, and directed by the famous FWMurnau. Don Willis gives us a graphic description of the classic:

The great silent horror movie has had little or no competition from sound horror movies. NOSFERATU is unearthy enough as he appears in stills: bald, skull-like head, unnaturally rigid posture; long, clawlike fingers. But his movements are what give the film its memorable nightmarish images, including Nosferatu's hypnotic stare which remains fixed on the heroine as his body mechanically turns to her, as if his eyes had independent life. Shreck in the role is less an actor giving a performance than an embodiment of ideas of visual horror and Murnau has the best ideas of any director of what to do with film on the visual level: a ship sails into the port of Bremen; into, then out of, frame as if guided supernaturally; the shadow of Nosferatu's hand clutches Mina's heart; Nosferatu is framed starkly against the ship's hold as he stalks the captain —the image of grim implacability. And, in perhaps the most bloodchilling moment on film, Harker simply, like turning over a rock to find something slimy underneath, opens his bedroom door, to only glimpse an image of Nosferatu, immobile like an upright cadaver and looking his most unnatural. A long, then a close shot. The unexpectedness & unwelcomeness of the revelation suggest that evil is at its ugliest, its least presentable, when caught unaware; that perhaps in darker corners & deeper holes there are things fouler yet, waiting for someone to open the door (after you). End of Review.

—Incidentally, a buck will bring you a whole bunch of reviews like the foregoing, by Eric Hoffman, Walt Lee & various hands, plus the beautiful 2-color 80-page souvenir book of Filmcon 1

Ruff the tragic dragon comes to a bad end in THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD, Harryhausen masterpiece of 1958.

itself with fotos from ROSEMARY'S BABY, LA BELLE ET LA BETE, IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE, PLANET OF THE APES, THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON, HORROR OF DRACULA, ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN, SUPERMAN, DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE, METROPOLIS, KING KONG, MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, THE COMEDY OF TERRORS, CAPTAIN MARVEL and THE THING WITH TWO HEADS as well as fotos from *Star Trek* and of Georges Melies, Geo. Pal, Mr. Spock, Forrest J Ackerman, John Carradine, Chuck Jones, Pickman's Model, LA's Mayor (who proclaimed Nov. 20 thru Nov. 26 as *Science Fiction & Fantasy Film Week* in Los Angeles), Nosferatu, Dr. Donald (Dracula Society Founder) Reed and Misty and artwork by Geo. Barr & Bill Nelson. The address: Fantasy Film Fans International, POB 74866, Los Angeles/CA 90004. ***(Ed. note: as this article first appeared nine years ago, please check availability before ordering.)***

Meanwhile, back at the convention, if you missed it in '68 or considered it so great you'd like to see it again, PLANET OF THE APES was revived. Still most fans' favorite of the 4.

Winner of an Academy Award for Special Effects, PORTRAIT OF JENNIE (1949) is a timeless tale of Time itself, a $4 million fantasy later re-released as TIDAL WAVE, with Jennifer Jones in the tidal role (sorry about that) and Joe Cotten as the hero, long before he became Baron Blood. Novel by Robert Nathan, in case you'd like to read it. One of those rare enchanted films like ENCHANTED COTTAGE and BERKELY SQUARE.

from psycho to son of blob

PSYCHO. The film that made Robert Bloch—altho his mother & father sometimes claim they had something to do with it. A Hitchcock-work orange (blood orange, that is) that's squeezed for all it's worth—and it's worth plenty in the department of icy fingers up & down the spine.

THE RAVEN. The spoof of '63 with the spiffy performances of Boris Karloff & Peter Lorre, now unhappily both deceased, and the very much with us, and with it, Vincent Price (long may he rave).

REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN—sequel to the CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, the first of the new era color Frankensteins from Hammer, the 50s' answer to the Universal of the 30s.

ROSEMARY'S BABY. Roman Polanski's

Robby the Robot appears to be directing interplanetary traffic in FORBIDDEN PLANET (MGM 1956).

The Prince of Darkness, Christopher Lee, after having just pounced on another vampire victim in HORROR OF DRACULA (Hammer '58).

Lon Chaney Jr. & Vincent Price trying to figure out whatever happened to Alice in THE HAUNTED PALACE, American-International 1963.

perfect adaptation & direction of the best-selling novel of pregnant horror. I saw this film with Fritz Lang, the man who gave us "M", and he was as impressed with it as I. One of my all-time favorites.

THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO & THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD. The number 7 must be a magic figure indeed for both of these are firstrate fare: the 100-minute Geo. Pal color production of 1964 featuring Tony Randall in a virtuoso achievement of half a dozen changes of character, expertly aided by the make-up wizardry of Wm. Tuttle (who won an Oscar for it). "Adapting it for the screen from Charles G. Finney's celebrated novel, the late Chas. Beaumont wove an enchanting fantasy in which the enigmatic Dr. Lao serves as a catalyst for various strange occurrences." From Medusa the Gorgon to the Abominable Snowman (looking like a shaggy Morlock) the facial changes were fascinating. Only thing that's always bothered me: nobody seems to be able to make up their mind whether to call the inscrutable Oriental *"Lo"* as in "so" or to rhyme with "how". When I first read the book I admittedly thought Lao should be pronounced Lay-oh. Wonder if anybody's ever thought to ask the author?

In 1958 Ray Harryhausen gave us 89 breathtaking minutes with his marvelous 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD—the unforgettable skeleton sword fight, the towering Cyclopean creature, the battle with the dragon—and this year we look forward to the sequel, SINBAD'S MAGIC VOYAGE. Until that magic moment, it's always good to have the grand original to fall back on.

The showing of SILENT RUNNING was augmented by a fascinating documentary, showing at great length & in great detail the inside story of how this technical marvel was accomplished. It was a treat to meet (on the screen) the talented amputees whose performances as the drones added so much to the visual interest of the space picture.

SON OF BLOB really wasn't my cup of tea but perhaps it was because Blob Boch was offered the lead role instead of me and it was just a case of jello, see?

TARGETS. God bless Bogdanovich for giving us this great Karloffilm, a fitting tribute, a fine memorial. Karloff, at the end of his life, virtually playing himself, in color and in full command of his role. And, in case you missed him in THE TERROR, a number of his scenes are incorporated from that too. TARGETS is the King's picture thru-&-thru, a splendid legacy for posterity.

who goes there?

THE THING (FROM ANOTHER WORLD). "In adapting John Campbell's *Astounding* story there was a shift from the alien nightmare that could change shapes; here the monster is humanoid and limited to one shape. Virtually unseen in detail, The Thing is first glimpsed as a vague

A directorial triumph for Jacques Tourneur was CURSE OF THE DEMON (Columbia 1957). Above, the Fire Monster itself.

"And this is the size of the one that got away," sez Godzilla, explaining about the devilfish in GODZILLA'S REVENGE.

Strangers on a Strange Planet menaced by the Monster from the Id on the FORBIdDEN PLANET.

outline in the ice, followed later by the full figure tearing thru the dark, aflame, or popping out of the woodwork for a split second. The technique keeps the audience jumping."—Eric (The Answer Man) Hoffman.

THE THING WITH TWO HEADS. See story elsewhere in this issue. The Filmcon premiered the picture. Present at the festival's Exhibit were the two heads—along with appliances from PLANET OF THE APES, Marcel Delgado models going clear back to CREATION, a Morlock, marvelous models of Capt. Nemo's submarine from 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA, a Geo. Pal Martian war machine from WAR OF THE WORLDS, *Star Trek* gadgetry & weaponry galore, and more . . . much more!

THINGS TO COME. Before I die, I expect I shall have seen it 50 times. Small potatoes, compared to Harryhausen's record of over 100 for KING KONG. Still & all, it gives you some idea of the esteem in which I hold HGWells' vision of the century from 1939 into the 21st. Wonderful machinery, wonderful architecture, wonderful acting by Raymond Massey & Ralph Richardson as Brains vs. Brawn, stirring musical score by Arthur Bliss, great designing by William Cameron Menzies and superb special effects by Ned, the "Mann" Who Could Work Miracles (he shook down & drowned New York in DELUGE). THINGS TO COME—a milestone in futuristic films.

THE TIME MACHINE. Life in 802, 701. Wells imagined it with words, Pal pictured it for us on the screen. There is much to be thankful for to both.

WHITE ZOMBIE. Bela Lugosi as Murder. From a review of the time: "A fantastic thriller. . . . with Lugosi as a sinister sorcerer who gets a girl in his power by putting her in a death-like trance." This is the picture that Bela used to brood about in the last years of his life, because he did his part for a flat $800—and lived to see the picture reap about $8 million at the box office. Based on the book "Magic Island" by Wm. Seabrook. This is not often thought of as one of Jack Pierce's jobs but he made up Bela as well as his 5 zombie henchmen.

X THE UNKNOWN. Early Hammer—while they were still just a little mallet. Not a bad small budget sci-fi flick; like THE MAGNETIC MONSTER or DOGORA, featuring a radioactive menace. Dean Jagger fought the writhing mass of energy that welled up from the Earth's core, indiscriminately devouring everything—inanimate or living—in its path. Sort of a better done BLOB. Screenplay by the ubiquitous Jimmy Sangster.

the fantastic fanquet

Climaxing the great convention was a banquet with Robert "Psycho" Bloch as Master of Ceremonies. As Ghostmaster General of America he sounded a clarion call for "More phantoms

Glenn Strange warms up to his role as the Monster in ABBOTT & COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN (Universal 1948).

and less Opera" in horror films and it was his pleasant duty to announce the winners of the world's first Georges Melies Awards.

Imagine sitting in a packed banquet hall, at tables of 10, where every table had a celebrity! Dinner with Marcel "Kong" Delgado! Supper with Kirk "Superman" Alyn! Breaking bread with Barry "Nightstalker" Atwater! A meal with Rouben "Jekyll/Hyde" Mamoulian or Richard "Duel" Matheson! Ham with a ham like FJAckerman! Turkey with a producer who scarcely knows the meaning of the word, Geo. Pal. Tea with Geo. Takei. Coffee with Curtis Harrington. Roast beef with a man rarely roasted or beefed about, Gene Roddenberry. Dessert with Jim Danforth!

And then - the Awards. Over 1000 fans had the opportunity to vote. And the winners in each category were:

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY – Best Theatrical Science Fiction.

BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN – Best Theatrical Horror.

KING KONG – Best Theatrical Fantasy.

DEMON WITH THE GLASS HAND – Best Sci-Fi TV.

THE NIGHTSTALKER – Best Horror TV.

THE PEOPLE – Best Fantasy TV.

coming attraction

Next year you'll read about it here, the *Second* Science Fiction & Fantasy Film Convention. Join if you can – simply express your interest to FANTASY FILM FANS INTERNATIONAL at POB 74866, Los Angeles/CA 90004 – but whether you can join the jubilant attendees or not, you'll read all about it afterward here in *FAMOUS MONSTERS*. ***(Ed. note: see FM#98.)***

Next Issue: DRACULA in LA! The Filmcon Speech of CHRISTOPHER LEE! Fotos of LEE in Los Angeles! ***(Ed. note: see FM#107.)***

END

GREAT HORROR PAPERBACKS!

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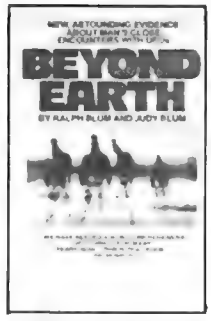

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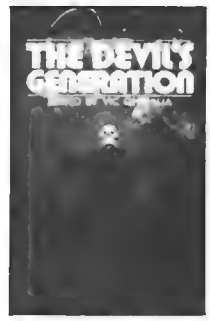

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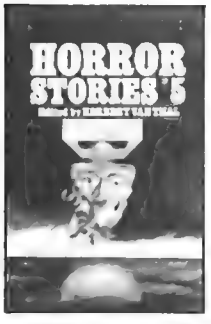

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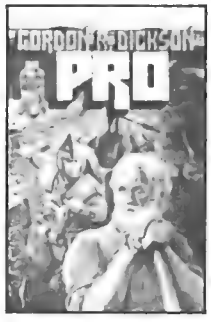

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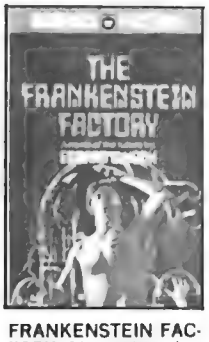

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MOVIE & MAZE PAPERBACKS!

CAUTION! Some of the mazes and quizzes to be found in the books displayed here are designed for you to sit back and enjoy. Some are a bit more challenging. But some are guaranteed to tease your brain until it jumps out of your skull and begs for mercy (regardless of whose grave you stole it from!). But disastrous consequences aside, the think-tank ticklers in these books are all great fun...as is the Book of Movie Lists! Maybe that one can help you with the quizzes, hmm? Order the whole set of five today!

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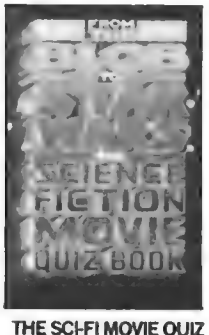

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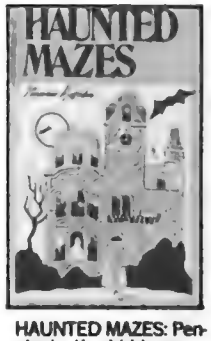

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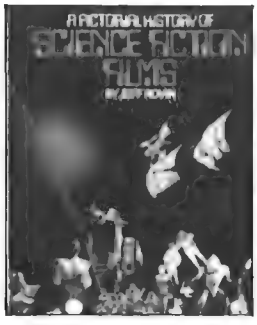

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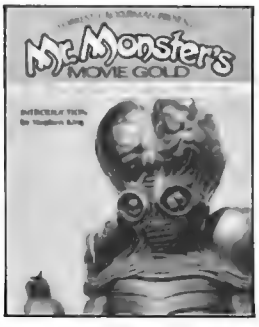

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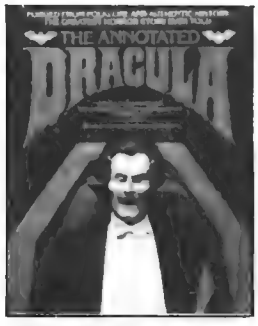

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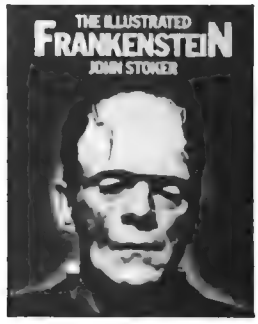

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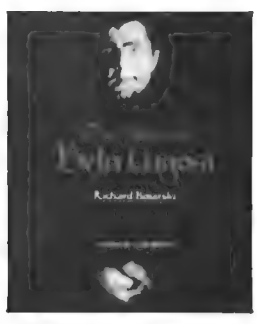

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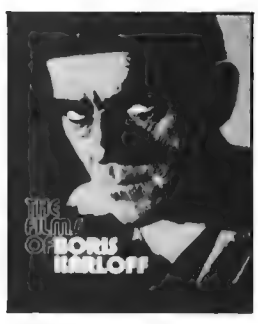

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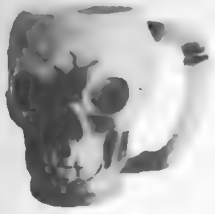

SKULL CAP: Name your poison, then chug-a-lug from your death's-head mug! Made of fine ceramic with bony handle! Realistic! #2602—$2.75

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INCREDIBLE MELTING MAN IRON-ON: Wear this full color, 7½ x 11" iron-on on your chest! It'll melt your heart! #26128—$1.00

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The studio-authorized "inside look" at the sensational film everyone's talking about! Many exclusive color photos give you the whole exciting BLADE RUNNER picture story, so you can relive your favorite moments from the movie! Special effects secrets, model miniatures, vehicles, costumes, production paintings, blueprints, storyboards! Plus 14 insightful interviews with Harrison Ford, his co-stars, and production personnel! It's all here in this big, beautiful document–the only publication of its kind! #21443/$2.95

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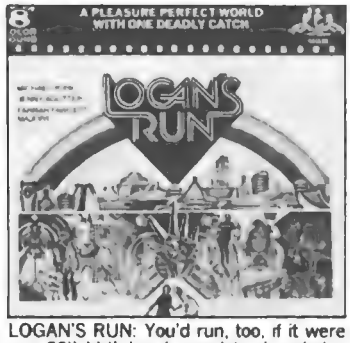
A GIANT 35" x 23" COLOR POSTER!

KONG straddles the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center! What is that he is holding in his huge palm? Could it be? Yes! A fair haired maiden—terrorized! Fighter jets swoop down to save her from the APE! This amazing scene appeared on Famous Monsters—issue #125. Now it can be yours! A grand, new, full color poster! #2978/$2.00

THREE SUPER 8 MOVIES WITH SOUND IN FULL COLOR!

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS: We are not alone... but you are, if you haven't thrilled to Spielberg's sci-fi classic! All the action and adventure, plus fantastic music, from the film about the epochal visit of aliens to earth! An 18 minute, 400 foot super 8 film! #22125—$59.95



LOGAN'S RUN: You'd run, too, if it were your 30th birthday...in a society where being 30 is punishable by death! Thrilling science fiction as Farrah Fawcett and Michael York flee this 23rd century nightmare! An 18-minute, 370 foot super 8 film! #22126—$54.95

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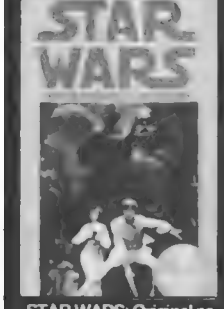

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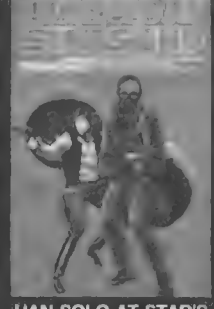

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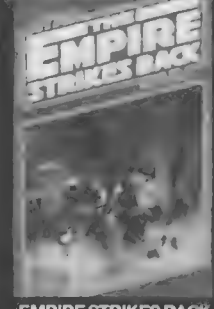
HAN SOLO'S REVENGE: Han is framed & sentenced to die! #21410/$2.25



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EMPIRE STRIKES BACK: Illustrated full color book of the film! #21411/$2.50

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The Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestra, conducted by Zubin Mehta, plays John William's scores for STAR WARS including the title Theme, Leia's Theme, The Little People, Cantina Band, Battle & The Throne Room. Also the suite from CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND. Spell binding music! Order today! #2394/$7.98

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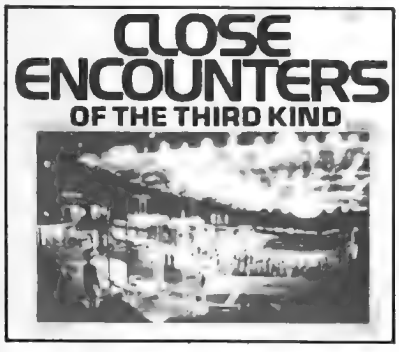
UFOs—SEEN BY 15 MILLION AMERICANS

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND FACT SHEET

SHEET Giant-sized 23"x 33" fact sheet poster, featuring salient information on sightings, evidence and contact with UFOs. When are UFOs most frequently spotted? Where? What are they? What do they look like? These questions are answered on this full-color poster. Order! #29005/$2.50



MOTHER SHIP IRON-ON

Full-color, brilliantly lit scene of the exit of the fabulous extra-terrestrial Mother Ship. Barry in the foreground watches as the space-craft lifts from earth-bound gravity and heads for the stars. Iron-on vibrant with reds, blues, and golds. #26054/$1.25

ROAD SCENE IRON-ON

Full-color iron-on of the special scene that has come to mean CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND to millions. A brilliant, deep-blue, starlit sky; a road going off into infinity; and a glowing white light that promises a galaxy of excitement and wonder. Plus the CLOSE ENCOUNTERS logo.#26067/$1.25

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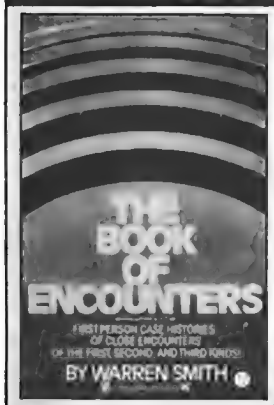
EXCITING PAPERBACK ENCOUNTERS!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FIRST PERSON CASE HISTORIES OF CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FIRST, SECOND, AND THIRD KINDS!
BY WARREN SMITH

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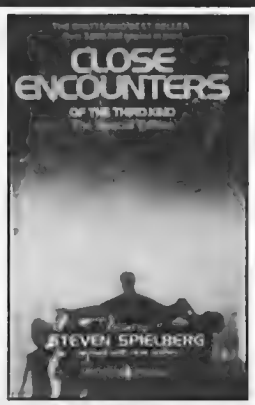

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS: THE SPECIAL EDITION: Newest edition of Steven Spielberg's novel takes you inside the UFO and beyond, in vivid detail! With all-new scenes! #21414—$2.50

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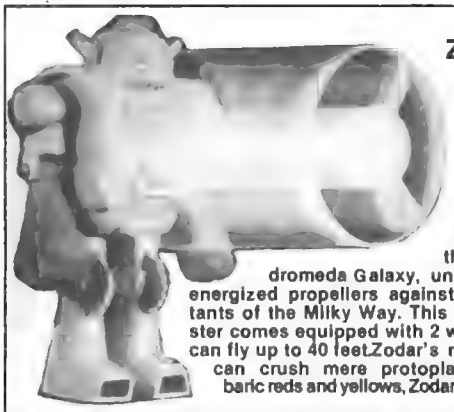
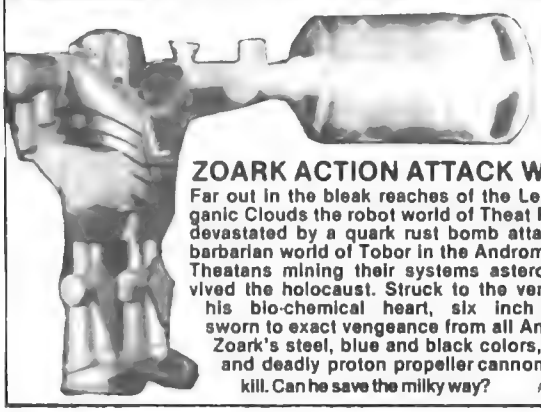


ZODAR ACTION ATTACK WARRIOR

Zooming in from the far reaches of outer galactic space, ZODAR, alien from the planet Tobor, on the far side of the Blue Drift in the Andromeda Galaxy, unleashes his neutron energized propellers against the helpless inhabitants of the Milky Way. This six inch horned monster comes equipped with 2 windup propellers that can fly up to 40 feet.Zodar's movable, jointed arms can crush mere protoplasm! Painted in barbaric reds and yellows, Zodar. #26092—$2.50

ACTION ATTACK WARRIORS



ZOARK ACTION ATTACK WARRIOR

Far out in the bleak reaches of the Lesser Mellanganic Clouds the robot world of Theat Retrak 9 was devastated by a quark rust bomb attack from the barbarian world of Tobor in the Andromeda Galaxy. Theatans mining their systems asteroid belt survived the holocaust. Struck to the very depths of his bio-chemical heart, six inch Zoark has sworn to exact vengeance from all Andromedans. Zoark's steel, blue and black colors, jointed arm and deadly proton propeller cannon are ready to kill. Can he save the milky way? #26093—$2.50

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Authentic Soil from Vlad's Castle in Transylvania

DUST from DRACULA'S DOMAIN, Actual Earth (Guaranteed Authentic) from the Crumbling Ruins of the Legendary *Vlad*, the Mad Monarch who generations ago terrorized Transylvanians and inspired Bram Stoker to create the famous masterpiece of vampirism, DRACULA. There are 3 billion people on this planet but only 5,000 can wear this incredible creation. A striking, ornamentally wrought, beautiful piece of art in itself, the pendant is equally suitable for the neck of man or woman.

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SPECIAL PRICE!

One Gram of Soil in Each Amulet

From the gold-plated chain is suspended a transparent miniature coffin containing one gram of genuine earth from the exact place where Vlad (Dracula) once made macabre history. No mystic powers are claimed for this amulet, and yet-who could fail to feel a tingle up and down the spine when viewing oneself in a mirror observing this rare soil lying close to one's heart? What vampire lover could fail to feel-*special*-as he or she sees envy in the eyes of a fellow vampirian not fortunate enough to own one of Vlad's Pendants? What Draculan disciple would not know a sense of supernatural *power* when wearing this unusual object?

Certificate of Authenticity

Each pendant is $9.95 and comes with a Certificate of Authentication. This is not a gag, not a spoof, not a put-on. The soil in this unique pendant actually came from the Castle Dracula high in the Transylvanian Mountains of Romania-where Bram Stoker's hero Jonathan Harker discovered the fascinating and extrabrdinary secrets of Count Dracula and the mysterious Vampires. Encased in clear plastic, artistically secured on a golden chain, this Dust of Dracula can now be preserved through lifetimes to come. Starting with YOU. Sorry, orders are limited; no more than 3 to a customer.

A Fascinating Memento of the Greatest Horror Story ever told. Order Yours Now!

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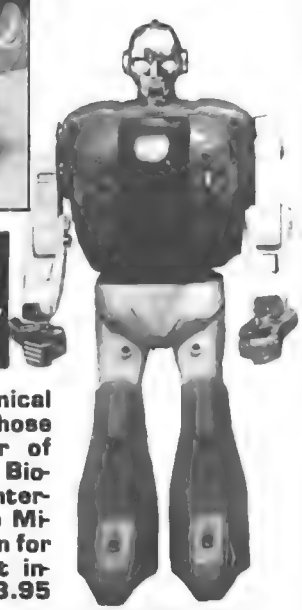
WITH THIS COMPLETE KIT YOU CAN CHANGE ITS SIZE, SHAPE AND FUNCTION!



BIOTRON Super mechanical robot that can metamorphose into an incredible number of working shapes and sizes. Biotron's parts are fully interchangeable with the entire Micronaut line of toys! Biotron for tons of fun! Batteries not included. **#26157/$23.95**

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NEW!

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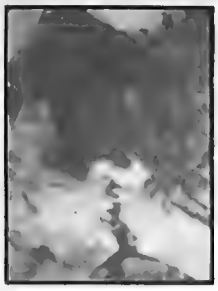

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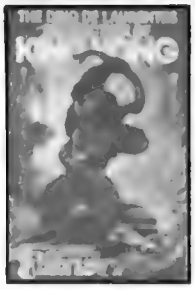

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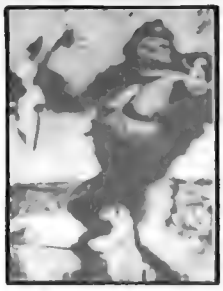

The CREATION of KING KONG! Action photos & facts will introduce you to the NEW movie! 288 pages. Get #21224/$1.75

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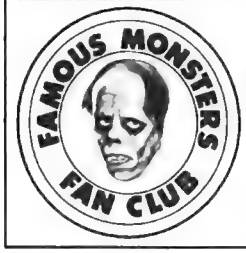
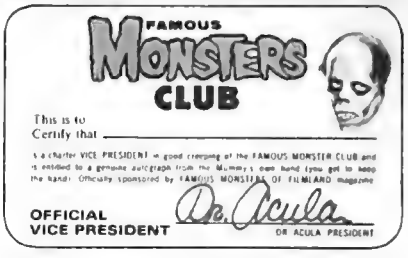
It's just what all you Monster Fans out there have been waiting for! Be the first in your gang to be a VICE PRESIDENT (of the Famous Monsters Fan Club, that is!). You get a colorful OFFICIAL BADGE and a wallet size OFFICIAL MEMBERSHIP CARD signed by Dr. Acula himself. You signed membership card entitles you to all privileges granted Official Ghosts, Ghouls, Witches, Warlocks, Vampires and especially, Famous Monsters. Be the most Famous Monster in your crowd! Be a card-carrying member of the World's Most Exclusive Club! MEMBERSHIP $2.00

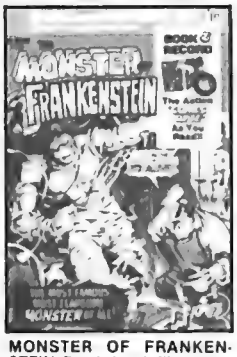




MONSTERIFIC LP RECORD ALBUMS!

Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi together on one album. Boris stars in that hilariously classic "Arsenic and Old Lace" and Bela in that fiendish melodrama "The Doctor Prescribed Death!" A long playing record of a rare duo! 2335/$6.95

Great radio classics in a class by themselves. Here are the shows that left people shuddering with fright! A three record set of the greatest radio horror shows with Welles, Lugosi, Karloff and John Carradine! #2375/$9.95



MONSTER OF FRANKENSTEIN Read the thrill packed story in a full color, 20 page comic while you listen to it on a 45 RPM record! #2385/$1.49

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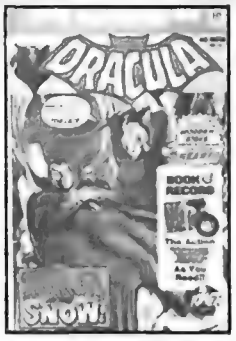

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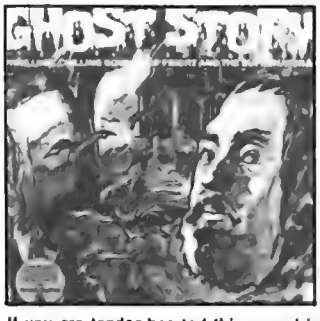
Music to chill the spine, quicken the pulse and stir the soul. A stereo listening experience that will send you reeling with 8 macabre renderings of classics like Flight of the Vampire, Ode to the Tomb & 6 more chillers! #2363/$4.98



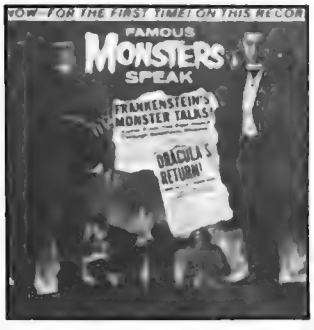
If you are tender hearted this record is not for you. It's too chilling! If you are too young this record is not for you! That's how gruesome this fantastic record is! Beware, but listen to William Castle's scary ghost stories! #2381/$2.98

Adapted from the original motion picture classic with Fay Wray! Done in the grand style of 1930s radio dramas, it follows the exact plot of the movie scene for scene, scream for scream. A collector's must, don't miss it! #2309/$2.98

Music of monsters captured on waxen discs! Eric's orations of satanic sonatas, diabolical dirges and creepy cantatas! These are sounds to shudder by in the dead of night before you nod into the nightmares of sleep. #2325/$4.98

This hard to find record contains 10 of the most frightening tales you will ever hear! It comes complete with horrifying sound effects and chilling music. Voodoo, cultism, gruesome murders and they are electronically enhanced! #2374/$5.49

Bats, bells, howls, witches, werewolves, phantoms ghosts, monsters and vampires. Listen to the vampire metamorphose into bat form and flap away and listen to all the blood curdling sounds in all the other episodes! #2372/$2.98



Here it is at last! 50 minutes of sheer terror brought to you by the editors of Famous Monsters and their minions! Play it as you reread the last 150 issues of FM and don't pass up the free Barnabas Collins poster! #2301/$2.98

Here they are! Rare, chilling, memorable and hard to get themes from science fiction, fantasy and horror films. Such great classics as "The Mole People," "Creature from the Black Lagoon," "The Deadly Mantis" and more! #23001/$7.98

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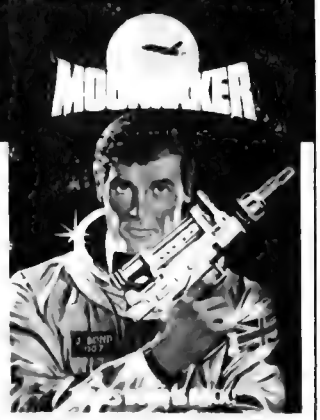
MOONRAKER SHUTTLE WITH BOOSTER ROCKETS Actually two fabulous models in one! The fantastic, fanatically detailed Space Shuttle featured on the left plus two solid rocket boosters with an external fuel tank! The shuttle can be separated from the boosters and fuel tank. 1/144 scale kit comes with mobile launch pad base. #24244/$10.00

MOONRAKER SPACE SHUTTLE A 1/144 scale model of the famous space shuttle, Moonraker! Finely engraved detail plus authentic decal markings make it a perfect replica of the original. Rare special features include a clear windshield and viewport, detailed rocket engines plus an astronaut figure and display stand. A Moonraker must! #24243/$4.00

PAPERBACK



MOONRAKER PAPERBACK
Novelization of the latest 007 movie extravaganza! First new Bond book in years! #21386/$2.25

IRON-ONS!

Be the best-dressed double agent on your block with these colorful iron-ons! Take our pick of Agent 007 suited for outer space action...Jaws, the gruesome, toothsome terror...or Bond & Holly, the leading man and lady of the greatest James Bond epic of all!

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VAMPIRE MAKE-UP KIT: Recreate the Master of the Undead with this kit's easy to apply professional make-up and simple instructions! #26273—$9.95

MONSTERS GAMING KIT:
Monsters battle humans for control of Frankenstein's castle! Includes board, dice, rules, and paints & brush for coloring fifteen real cast metal figures!
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Magicians Merlin and Morgana duel for the fate of Camelot! Comes with forest map, dice, rules, and paints & brush for coloring real cast metal figures!
MERLIN ADVENTURE GAMING KIT/#24259–$14.95

To order any of these items, please see last page of this magazine for convenient RUSH ORDER FORM.

BORIS VALLEJO

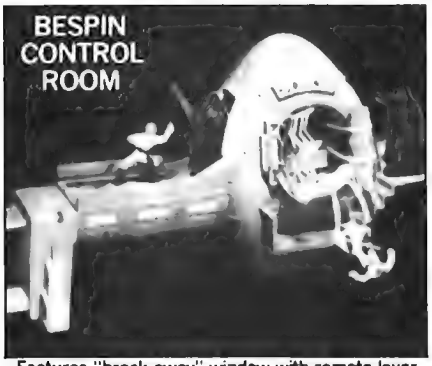
1983 FANTASY CALENDAR

The best thing about New Year's is that it gives you a chance to hang up a new Boris Vallejo calendar! And the master illustrator of the fantastic has outdone himself with his 1983 entry, featuring more breathtaking landscapes, monstrous creatures and hulking heroes than ever! You'll treasure it next year and every year! #26356/$5.95

BARNABAS COLLINS POSTER

Here's a wall fanging...er, hanging that will really get your blood up! It's Jonathan Frid as Barnabas Collins, bloodsucking star of television's DARK SHADOWS! Measuring a full 29 x 41½", this black and white poster will enhance the walls of any crypt or mausoleum! Hang it in the morgue, and you'll really be top drawer! (Suggestion: Barnabas feels much more comfortable hanging upside down!) So start coffin up your dough, and order as soon as possible...please! These things are scaring us to death!
BARNABAS POSTER #2919—$2.50

STAR WARS MICRO COLLECTION

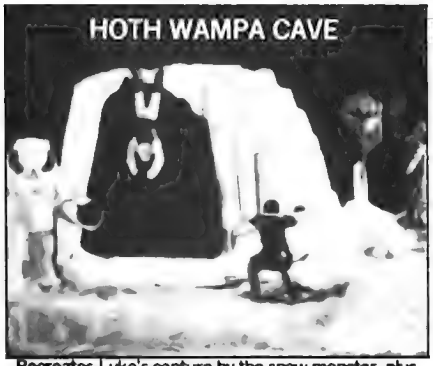


Features "break away" window with remote lever and special platform, and four die cast metal Luke and Darth Vader figures in action poses! #26345—$11.90

Site of Luke's famed lightsaber duel with Vader! Remote operated gantry door leads to rotating platform! Four die cast metal figures! #26346—$11.90

Platform lowers Han into chamber; lifting claw takes out frozen figure! Movable ramp, stairs, elevator, escape hatch! 8 die cast metal figures! #26347—$29.90

Special offer! All three interlocking Hoth World playsets for only $55.95!

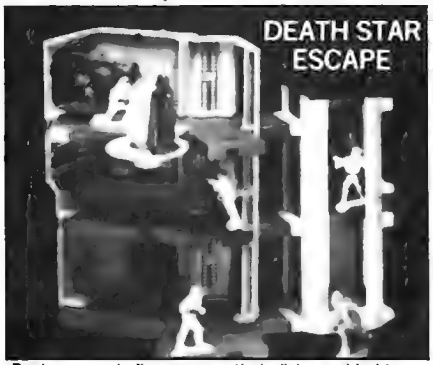


Recreates Luke's capture by the snow monster, plus Han and Chewbacca destroying the probot! Action launcher, 4 die cast metal figures! #26349—$11.90

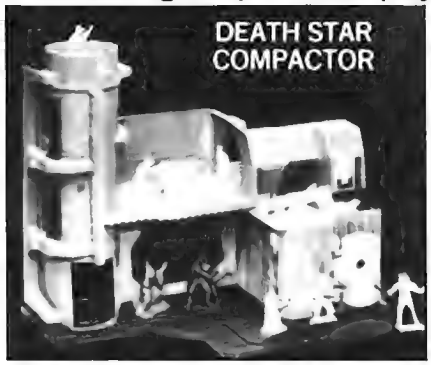
Features exploding generator, and Scout Walker that stands unassisted and explodes by remote control! With 6 die cast metal figures! #26350—$19.90

Operated by remote lever, & clicks to simulate firing! Observation tower with blast doors, remote control computer! 8 die cast metal figures! #26351—$29.90

Special offer! All three interlocking Bespin World playsets for only $49.95!



Features exploding cannon that clicks and holds a stormtrooper, manually operated bridge, removable elevator assembly, and rope for swinging Luke & Leia across! 6 die cast metal figures! #26353—$19.90



Hand-operated trash compactor with escape hatch that opens at last second, remote operated blast door that springs shut, blast hatch to let 8 die cast metal figures jump into compactor! #26354—$25.90

Both interlocking Death Star World playsets...the Escape and the Compactor...available at one bargain price! Can be used together or separately! Including all 14 die cast metal figures! #26355—$39.95

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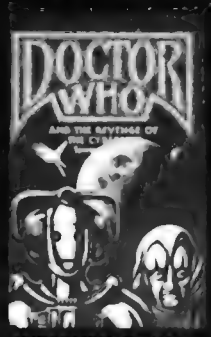
DAY OF DALEKS: Dr. Who is trapped in the 22d century by his most ruthless foes! #21358/$1.75

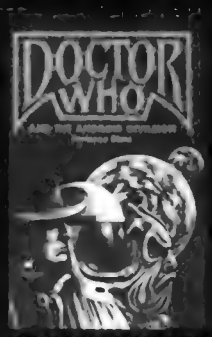
DOOMSDAY WEAPON: Can Dr. Who dismantle it before the evil Master triggers it? #21359/$1.75

GENESIS OF DALEKS: Dalek creator thwarts Dr. Who's plan to prevent their birth! #21370/$1.75

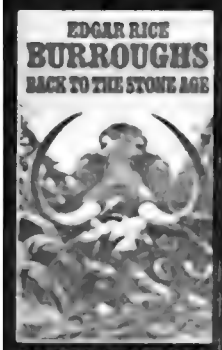
WENG-CHIANG: A deformed criminal poses as a Chinese god to abduct women! #21402/$1.75



CYBERMEN: Dr. Who is caught in the middle of the warring Cybermen & Vogans! #21378/$1.95

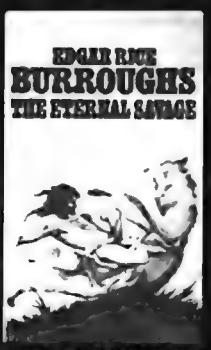


ANDROID INVASION: Dr. Who faces zombies, Kraals, and his own android clone! #21404/$1.95



BACK TO STONE AGE: Dinosaurs & danger 500 miles beneath the earth's surface! #21025/$1.95

FARTHEST STAR: Tangor faces a cruel veteran of a thousand galactic battles! #21026/$1.25



ETERNAL SAVAGE: Girl meets handsome warrior and is thrust back to stone age! #21027/$1.50

CAVE GIRL: Rich man fights to survive on a lost island of primitive men and beasts! #21106/.95

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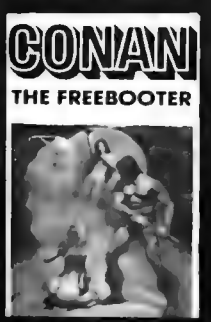
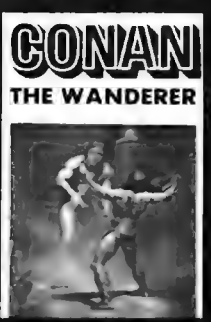
CONAN PAPERBACK BOOKS!

CONAN: The classic opening episode of the Conan saga, plus six more epics! #21239–$2.25

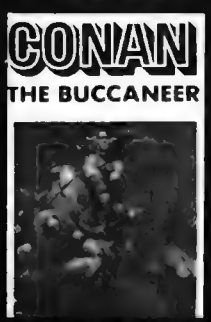


FREEBOOTER: Five action-packed tales of the most prestigious barbarian ever! #21241–$2.25

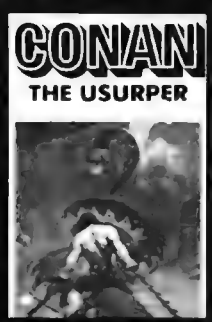


WANDERER: Conan has to steel his courage to battle a warrior of living metal! #21242–$2.25

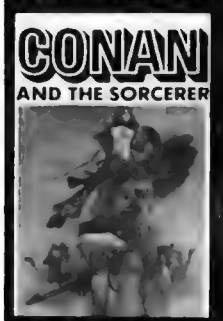
ADVENTURER: Thief, pirate, warrior, mercenary, king–this is Conan! Exciting sagas! #21243–$2.25



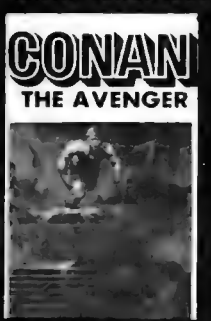
BUCCANEER: Conan faces the demonic power of Thoth-Amon in search of treasure! #21244–$2.25



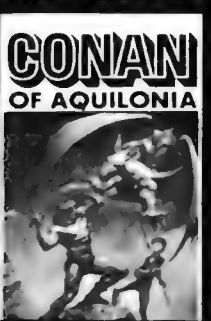
USURPER: The barbarian fights savagely in four adventures! Cover by Frazetta! #21246–$2.25



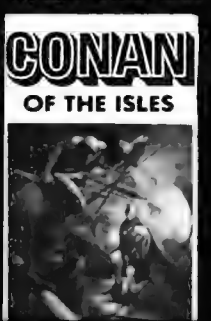
SORCERER: An epic adventure illustrated by Esteban Maroto! Cover by Sanjulian! #21327–$2.25



AVENGER: Queen Zenobia is stolen from Conan! He cannot rest until he finds her! #21248–$2.25

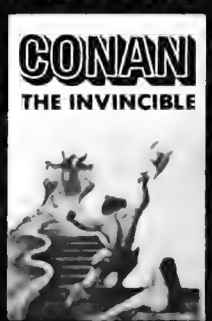


AQUILONIA: A deadly pursuit ensues as Conan loses his son to Thoth-Amon! #21249–$2.25



THE ISLES: The coming of a sudden catastrophe forces Conan to leave his kingdom! #21250–$2.25

CONQUEROR: His body in chains, his mind under Xaltotun's power, Conan fights on! #21247–$2.25



INVINCIBLE: A new Conan adventure, published for the first time in '82! 288 pp.! #21444–$2.95

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MOTION PICTURE PAPERBACKS

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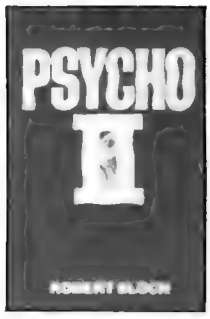
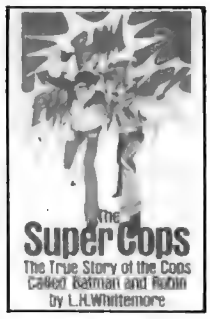


PSYCHO II: Long-awaited sequel by Robert Bloch, author of Psycho! A scream! #21446/$3.50



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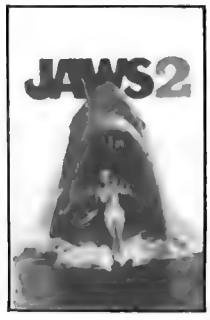
THIN MAN: Another suspense-filled tale by Hammett, featuring Nick Charles! #21101/$1.25



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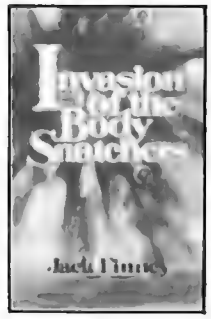
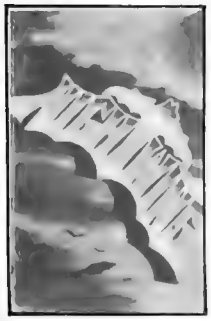
ALIEN: Novelization of the sci-fi smash! A monster runs amok on a spaceship! #21381/$2.25

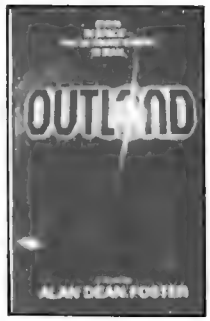
DR. PHIBES: A half-dead madman with a horrific plan: to murder London's doctors! #21077/.95



BODY SNATCHERS: Novel that furnished the seed for two great motion pictures! #21333/$1.95



NIGHTWING: No warm-blooded creature is safe as vampire bats fill the skies! #21367/$2.25



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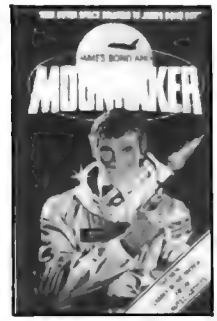

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METEOR: Novelization of the movie! An onrushing meteor threatens to destroy earth! #21390/$2.25

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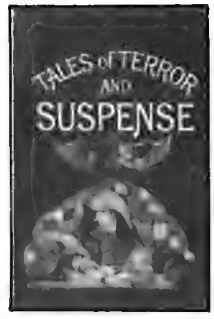

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C3PO MASK! Soft vinyl full over the head, hand painted, gleaming gold mask of C3PO! #25005/ $29.95

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YODA MASK! Now the sage of the Jedi Knights is a full color, full size mask from Star Wars! #25013/$39.95

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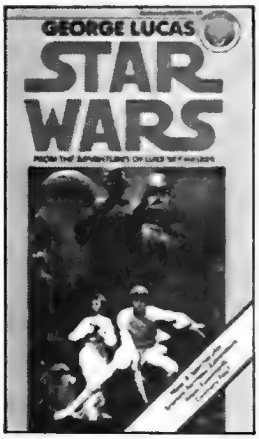
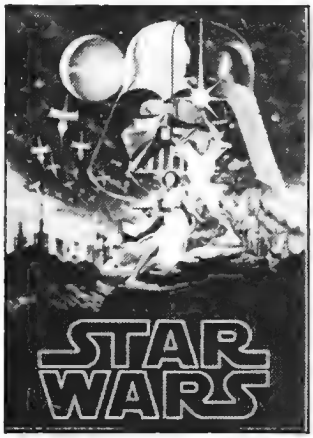
STAR WARS ALBUM Now Warren offers you the most spell-binding music from the movie that does it all. Star Wars' incredible sound track is brought back alive. This two record long playing, stereo album with its pulse-pounding music rockets into orbit permanently. This hottest selling album is guaranteed to go fast! #2387/$12.98



STAR WARS PAPERBACK BOOK

STAR WARS NOVEL by the film's Writer/director George Lucas! Read this exciting book and relive the movie's incredible adventure! This spellbinding 220 page paperback has a special section with 16 pages of thrilling full color scenes from the fantastic movie! #21262/$2.50



STAR WARS FULL COLOR POSTER

THE SWORD POSTER Paste this big 20"x28" poster on the wall for inspiration. A painting by Hildebrandt, it has Luke & Leia rendered in golden hues with a formidable Darth Vader glaring from the sky. C-3PO & R2D2 are there! Full color! #2990/$2.00

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ROBOTS
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#2756 BOYS 10 / $4.75
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#2758 MENS SMALL / $4.95

SWORD
#2750 BOYS 10 / $4.75
#2751 BOYS 14 / $4.75

C-3PO & LUKE
#2753A BOYS 8 / $4.75
#2753 BOYS 10 / $4.75
#2754 BOYS 14 / $4.75
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Journey to the Seventh Planet! When Worlds Collide! Flash Gordon, Ace of Space! Buck Rogers, Space Hero! More Flying Disc Man of Mars. 1965. SPACEMEN YEARBOOK $20.00

Buck Rogers, Space Hero concluded! Metropolis, Miracle Space movie of the century! Journey to the Seventh Planet! Disc Man of Mars serial end! #1206 SPACEMEN #6 $45.00

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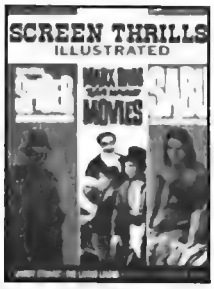

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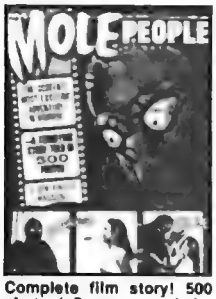

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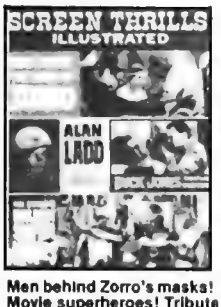

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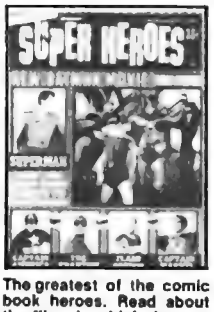

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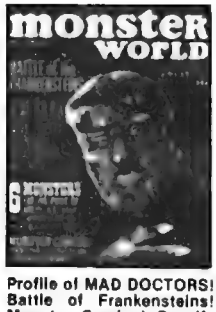

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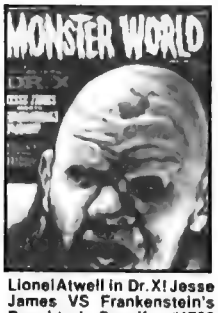

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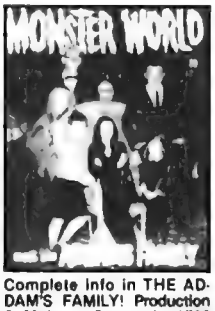

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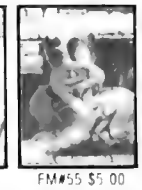
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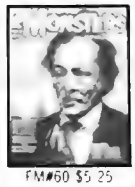
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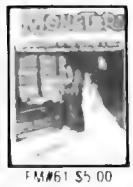
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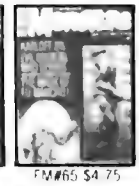
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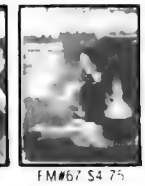
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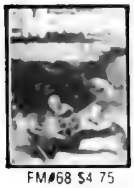
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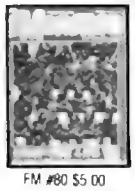
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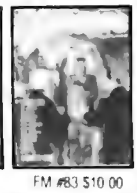
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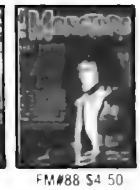
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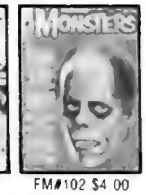
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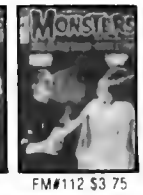
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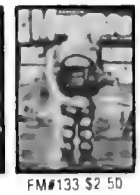
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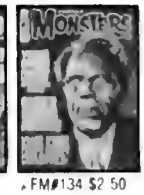
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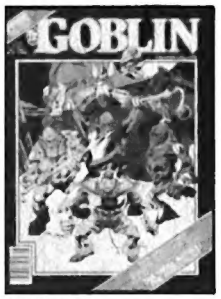

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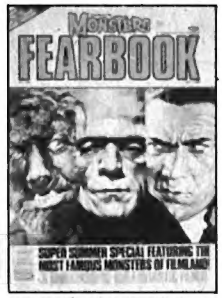

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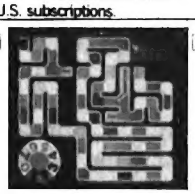
☐ 

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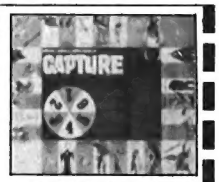
☐ 

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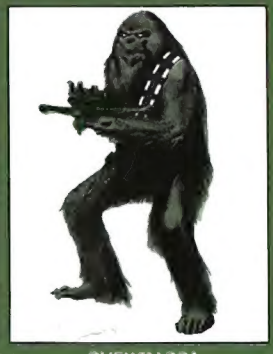

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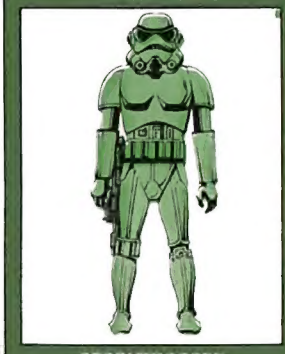

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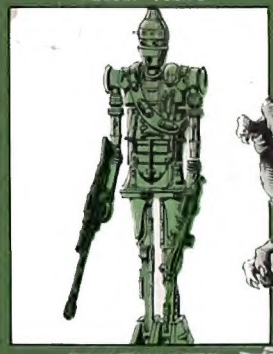

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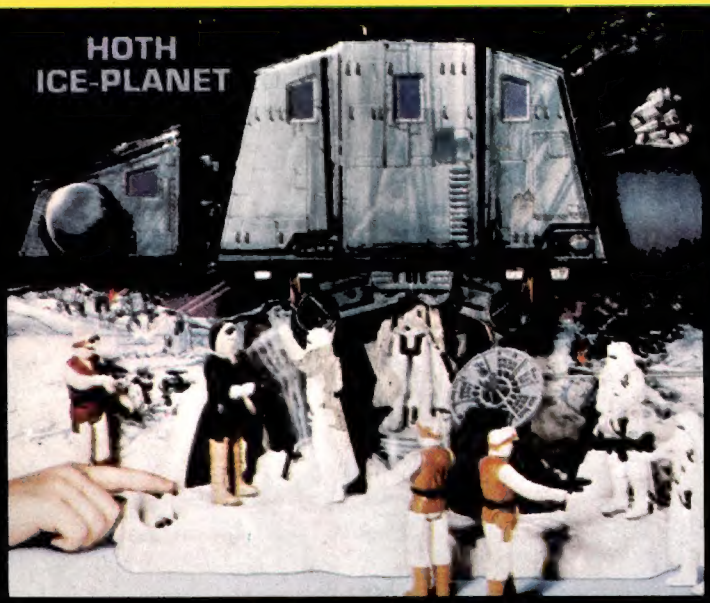

HOTH ICE-PLANET ADVENTURE SET Rebel soldiers attempt to defend their planet with radar laser cannon! But the Imperial Stormtroopers march over the molded snow peaks with all Terrain Armored Transport "walkers!" The set also includes ice-levers for mock action battles, plus manually operated elevator. Easily assembled. #26232—$13.95

IMPERIAL ATTACK BASE Imperial forces in ice-carved trenches battle rebels with a realistic sounding laser machine gun. Hand operated ice levers create action by collapsing ice bridge, exploding a mine and blowing up the command post. Assembly required. The action figures are sold separately. #26233—$15.95

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